

# Newport Mercury

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## The Mercury.

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THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1793, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

TERMS: \$200 a year in advance. Single copies in wrappers, 5 cents. Extra copies can always be obtained at the office of publication and at the various news rooms in the city. Specimen copies sent free, and special terms given advertisers by addressing the publisher.

### Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 285, Order Sons of St. George—Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 18, Knights of Macabees—George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles S. Grandall, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WATSON, No. 679, J. FORESTERS of America—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John R. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Alexander MacCallum, President; David McIntosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Casey, President; Miss M. A. Sullivan, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Robert P. Peckham, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawley, Recorder. Meets 2nd and 4th Wednesdays.

MALBORO LODGE, No. 98, N. E. O. P.—Dudley E. Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley E. Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Mrs. J. J. Curley, President; Mrs. J. J. Curley, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

REDWOOD LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—William Champion, Chancellor; Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seal; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 5, U. E. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William M. Langley; Everett I. Gorton, Recorder. Meets 1st Fridays.

CLAN McLEOD, No. 108—James Graham, chief Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

## Local Matters.

### Danielson Disabled.

The staunch little steamer Geo. W. Danielson, which has been doing service between Newport and Block Island for more than twenty years, was disabled off Block Island in a heavy sea on Tuesday. She was taken in tow by the steamer New Shoreham and was hauled into the new harbor where passengers and freight were landed.

The Danielson had been at Newport for some weeks for a thorough overhauling of her machinery. She had just gone on the line again and was supposed to be in good condition. Tuesday noon she left here at 1:30 on her way to the island, a dense fog and heavy sea prevailing. All went well until she was about three miles off Clay Head when the rudder controlling the propeller shaft broke and the little steamer was at the mercy of the sea. Capt. Dodge immediately sounded the distress signal on the whistle and the steamers Mount Hope and New Shoreham, both bound to Newport from Block Island, responded. The New Shoreham attached a line to the Danielson and towed her back to the entrance to the new harbor where a tug took her into the dock.

There was no particular excitement among the passengers when the accident occurred. As the steamer was picked up quickly by the New Shoreham there was no particular danger but in the heavy sea that was running she might have come to disaster had not assistance been near at hand.

The twentieth anniversary of the Swedish Methodist Episcopal Church was observed in the church edifice on Annandale road on Tuesday evening. The speakers included the pastor, Rev. C. J. Nelson, who read an historical sketch of the church; Rev. Mr. Wigren, presiding elder; Rev. C. A. Stenhouse, Hon. J. W. Horton, and Rev. Mr. Nilson of New York. The church was attractively decorated with palms and cut flowers.

The Superior Court has denied the petition of Charles H. C. Carter for a writ of mandamus to compel the Attorney General to institute proceedings against the Stone Bridge Commission to enjoin them from continuing work on the bridge. The court finds that the matter is one to be entirely left to the judgment and discretion of the Attorney General.

The First Presbyterian Church Sunday School had a picnic at Southwick's Grove on Thursday.

### Ready for the Carnival.

The Greatest Celebration that Newport Ever Saw Will Begin in a Few Days—Preparations for a Big Crowd of Visitors—The Programme of the Week.

The committee in charge of the Carnival Week celebration expects that there will be 100,000 strangers in the city during the week of August 6 to 11. The railroads and steamboats have been actively co-operating with the publicity committee and from every section of the New England States there will be visitors. All over these States bulletin boards are carrying the advertising bills of the committee and the public has waked up to the fact that this is to be the greatest week that Newport ever knew. The programme of the week includes a little of almost everything—races, parades, harbor illumination, sports of all kinds, and by no means least plenty of amusements at the concession park.

The New Haven road is doing all in its power to make a success of the affair and with the active co-operation of this great system there should be no question about a crowd. Special rates will be given for the round trip to Newport from all points on the line, even way down to New Haven. Special excursion trains will be run from Boston, Providence, Taunton and New Bedford, returning during the evening, late enough so that the passengers can stay to see the evening illuminations. Although the railroad has found that Boston people do not usually care to stay for the late trains the company is willing to again try the experiment of running one late train through to Boston after the evening affair is over. The fare from the nearby cities has been made as low as the fare from the same places by trolley so that passengers will have a choice of routes.

In the meantime the committee is carefully looking after the plans for the entertainment of the people after they reach here. Every sub-committee is doing its work well and every event now scheduled will be carried through successfully. The money is coming in fairly well, although there is still plenty of use for more, and more will doubtless be raised by the time that it is needed. The decorating arms have been on the ground for some little time and the agents have been making their contracts so that in a few days the work of decorating will begin. Last year everybody commented on the unusual extent of the decorations on both public and private buildings and it is probable that the decorations will this year be on a more elaborate scale than last.

Monday, August 6th, is the opening of the celebration, and the principal event for that day will be the automobile races at Sachuest Beach at 2 p. m. This affair will be under the management of Mr. F. M. Barber, assistant secretary of the Rhode Island Automobile Association, who has had much experience in that line, and its success is assured. In the evening of that day there will be an illumination of the city and harbor.

On Tuesday will occur the race for the Astor cups under the auspices of the New York Club. A large fleet of yachts is expected to be here and there will be many contestants for the cup. In the afternoon at 2 p. m. occurs the parade of the school boys, when it is expected that there will be some 3000 in line with plenty of music. In connection with this event the Queen of the Carnival will be crowned at Touro Park where the parade will terminate. There will also be a gymnastic exhibition and in the evening the city, yachts, government stations and war vessels will be illuminated.

Wednesday morning is to be devoted to the races for the King's Cup, offered by King Edward of England, to be competed for under the auspices of the New York Yacht Club. As this is the first time that it has been contested for an unusual amount of interest attaches to the event. At 2 p. m. there will be a grand street parade composed of bluejackets and marines from the fleet of warships, regulars from Fort Adams and Fort Wetherill, apprentices from the Naval Training Station, and the entire State militia. There will be ten bands of music, including the famous Seventh Artillery Band which will accompany the Fort troops. In the evening the harbor fête will occur, with a naval parade and illumination along the lines of the Fete Nights of previous years. This will undoubtedly be one of the most striking features of the entire week.

Thursday, August 9, promises to be full of interesting features. In the morning there will be small yacht racing open to all associations in Narragansett Bay. The trades procession starts at 2:30 p. m. and it has been determined to have this feature exceed even that of last year which was a gratifying surprise to all. At 4 p. m. comes the automobile floral parade, for which many entries have been received and which promises to be a beautiful spectacle. In the evening comes the

grand carnival parade which was last year the crowning event of the week. For this there have been many societies and organizations entered, so that it will far surpass last year's affair. The Queen of the Carnival will ride in the float of the Horticultural Society and this organization will undoubtedly outdo all previous efforts to secure a pretty float. During the evening there will also be a general Mardi Gras celebration, everybody being requested to appear in mask and costume, and there will be plenty of confetti for the use of maskers.

On Friday, August 10, there will be motor boat races under the auspices of the Motor Boat Club of America. There have been many entries of fast motor boats and exciting races are promised. This will be an event of national importance and the outside world is taking a great interest in it.

A lively place during the week will be the Carnival Grounds on the old basin lot near the depot which the committee on concessions has secured for a place of amusement. The lot is now being prepared for its occupancy on that occasion and within a few days its appearance will be revolutionized. Electric lights have been strung there and booths and amusements places will soon be erected. A large percentage of the receipts from this source will go to the Carnival Committee to help pay the expenses of the week. On the grounds there will be amusements of all kinds, circus and vaudeville, industrial exhibition, band concerts, etc.

The only thing that is now giving much worry is the question of weather, but as the month of July has been so very disagreeable it seems as though August might do somewhat better. Without good weather the Carnival cannot be a great success, and for that reason many are rejoicing that the month of July was not selected, as was somewhat talked of, because there has been so week during this month when the weather has been right for an affair of this kind.

### Shakespearean Recital.

Considering the very disagreeable weather on Tuesday evening there was a very good sized audience at the Casino Theatre on the occasion of the Shakespearean recital of Rev. Aquilla Webb, Ph. D., pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. Although the theatre was not completely filled there were enough tickets sold in advance to tax the seating capacity but many were kept away by the rain.

The presentation of the Shakespearean roles by Dr. Webb was of a most artistic nature and was much appreciated by the audience. He entered thoroughly into the spirit of the plays and gave a thoughtful and studied interpretation of these classics. His rendition of "Queer's School" from Dickens' Nicholas Nickleby was especially pleasing.

Dr. Webb was assisted by Mr. Victor Baxter, organist of the First Presbyterian Church, who rendered several selections on the piano; by Mrs. Mary Curley-Rooney and Dr. H. H. Luther.

The programme was as follows:

Reading	Rev. Dr. Aquilla Webb	Selected
	She Wandered Down the Mountain Side	Clay
	Mrs. Mary Curley-Rooney	
	MACBETH	
	SCENES GIVEN	
1.	The Letter Scene; Act I, Scene v	
2.	The Soliloquy Scene; Act I, Scene vii	
3.	The Dagger Scene; Act II, Scene i	
4.	The Banquet Scene; Act III, Scene iv	
5.	The Combat Scene; Act V, Scene viii	
	Rev. Dr. Webb	
Impromptu, op. 142	Schubert	
	Mr. Baxter	
	Squeer's School from Nicholas Nickleby	
	Rev. Dr. Webb	
Ninth the Stars	Goring-Thomas	
	Mrs. Rooney and Dr. H. H. Luther	

### Mr. Frasch Critically Ill.

Mr. C. F. Frasch suffered a paralytic shock last Friday evening and still remains unconscious. He was stricken at his home on Swan avenue, having come over from Jamestown that afternoon with the intention of returning at once. His physical condition gives some encouragement to his physician but is still regarded as critical.

At the time of going to press Friday afternoon Mr. Frasch was sinking rapidly, pneumonia having developed. The New England Navigation Company has sent a check for \$500 to the Newport Firemen's Relief Fund, accompanied by a letter of thanks for the efforts of the fire department at the time of the steamer Plymouth fire last spring.

There were two excursions here on Thursday. The City of Lowell arrived with 1600 passengers on board and there were 550 passengers on the Boston excursion.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hatwell and family have arrived from New York and are occupying the Bayer cottage on Powell street.

### Triple Drowning.

Tragic End of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Anthony and their Little Daughter.

Joseph G. Anthony, son of Representative Henry C. Anthony of Portsmouth, his wife, the daughter of Warren R. Sherman, and their daughter Evelyn, aged four years, were drowned in Narragansett Bay last Sunday afternoon, while their baby boy, only a few months old, was saved through the heroic efforts of the father just before his death. The tragedy has cast a deep gloom over the town of Portsmouth, where all the victims were well known and very highly esteemed. Although there is no one living who can relate the details of the terrible affair there are mute evidences of the heroic struggle that Mr. Anthony made to save his helpless family, apparently regardless of the fact that his own life must pay the penalty of his love and courage.

Last Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Anthony and their two small children had been at Prudence Island after berries. Their conveyance was a small skiff with a home-made sail. On their return journey a squall struck the boat and as the sheet was tied the craft upset, throwing the occupants into the water. Mr. Anthony was an expert swimmer and at once devoted himself to securing the safety of his family. The baby had been seated in the baby carriage in the boat and after the accident Mr. Anthony secured the carriage to an oar in such a way that it could not sink nor capsize. He caught his four-year-old daughter and secured her to the skiff, but it appears that she must have been much overcome before aid reached her, as she was lying dead in the skiff when a boat reached the scene.

It also seems that Mr. Anthony had fastened his wife to the skiff, for a noose was found that had apparently been used for some purpose. It is regarded as probable that after he had assisted her she slipped from her place of security and in his attempt to rescue her both went down together.

There was no one near enough to see all the details of the tragedy. Fishermen, who were not far away, saw the capsized skiff and hastened to the rescue. They towed the craft to the shore and then aid was at once given to the unconscious girl but she was too far gone to permit of resuscitation. In the meantime the baby carriage was seen floating in the way that Mr. Anthony had provided before he went down. Willing hands drew the carriage ashore and its tiny occupant was given prompt treatment that saved its life. Although in a serious condition for some time the little fellow is now on the highway to recovery.

Word of the tragedy was at once sent to Portsmouth and Representative Henry C. Anthony hastened to Prudence to do what he might for the living and the dead. The bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Anthony had not been seen since the skiff capsized and preparations were at once made for a systematic effort to recover them. A careful watch has been kept along the shore all the week. Representative Anthony took back to his own home the living baby and the dead body of his grand-daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Anthony were well known and very popular in their native town. Mr. Anthony was associated with his father in the seed business and was a young man of much promise. He was well known about the State House in Providence, having served during the last session of the General Assembly as clerk to the committee on fisheries. Mrs. Anthony was the daughter of Warren R. Sherman, who has been for many years president of the Town Council of Portsmouth. She had a host of friends. She had always taken a great interest in the annual exhibition by the Newport County Agricultural Society and will be much missed by the members of the society. The young couple had been married but about five years and their home relations were of the pleasantest.

Funeral services over the remains of little Evelyn Anthony were held at the residence of Henry C. Anthony on Tuesday and were attended by a large gathering of friends, almost the entire population of the town being present to attest their sympathy for the bereaved ones. There were hosts of floral tributes. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Lambert of the Christian Church and Rev. Mr. Pearce of St. Paul's Episcopal Church. Mr. Pearce spoke feelingly of the tragic end of this happy family and there was hardly a dry eye among those present. The bearers were Lloyd Dennis, Charles Boyd, Alfred Hall and Elliott Anthony. The interment was in the grave yard of St. Paul's Church.

Senator Wetmore has made his usual liberal contribution to the Newport County Agricultural Society for the benefit of the Fair to be held in September.

### A Busy Sunday.

Last Sunday was the first pleasant holiday of the season thus far and in consequence there was a large crowd of people that took advantage of the opportunity to visit the seashore and enjoy the pleasures to be found there. There were many strangers in Newport, several special excursions coming in here during the day, while the regular boats brought throngs. Of course the Beach was the objective point of the great majority of the visitors and the attendants believe that it was one of the very largest days of its history. The bath houses were well patronized and were not nearly adequate to accommodate the demand. Bathing suits were in great request and the attendants were kept hustling to equip the people with the necessary equipment to permit them to enjoy a bath in the salt water.

All the seats along the piazzas and the board walk were occupied and there were great crowds along the sand. The restaurant did a flourishing business and the lunch counter, souvenir stand and other enterprises were well patronized.

The street car lines had all the business that they could accommodate during the day. Every car this side of the Stone Bridge was called into service and even then more could have been filled at times if they could have been obtained. The band concert at Morton Park called for a good many cars and as the concert was over at about the same time that most of the excursionists desired to return home there was very nearly a congestion on the line of the railway.

All kinds of conveyances to and from Newport were patronized by those people from the outer world who had made up their minds to spend Sunday at the seashore. The various steamer line all brought large crowds and the two lines of suburban trolleys were crowded all day. It was the first really busy Sunday of the season, and those who benefited from it looked happy.

There was an exciting runaway on Washington Square Thursday noon when a two-horse carriage belonging to Hayward came down Touro street and mixed up with a cab on the square, smashing a wheel of the cab. One of the runaway horses was wild and the bystanders had great difficulty in holding him, Police Officer Freeborn Coggeshall doing great work at considerable danger to himself. The horse was badly cut by falling.

Four seamen gunners at the Torpedo Station were given an involuntary bath on Wednesday. The men were out in a small boat during torpedo practice from the wharf at the station, their duty being to recover the torpedo after it had spent its course. One of the torpedoes deviated from its course and struck their boat, throwing the men into the water. They were picked up by a boat from the station and suffered no further mishap than a ducking.

Thanks to Senator Wetmore's appeal the fund for the service to the battleship Rhode Island is increasing rapidly. It now amounts to nearly \$6,000. Most of the subscriptions now are coming from Newport. In fact, more than one-half the whole amount has been subscribed by people from this city.

As soon as the Stone Bridge is completed—if it ever is—the Old Colony Street Railway Company will run freight cars from Newport to Boston, making a round trip each day. The freight business of these allied trolley lines will eventually be an important feature of the business.

Mrs. Roelker will give a masked dance in the stables of "Hawthurst" on Kay street, in August. Mrs. Roelker has given many brilliant entertainments in Newport and the coming event will surpass all previous ones.

Owing to the appeal sent out by the chairman of the committee on suitable gift to the Battleship Rhode Island, Senator Wetmore, over five thousand dollars have been already subscribed. More is needed.

It is generally believed that the British squadron will visit Newport during the races for the King's Cup. It has been many years since British war vessels have been in our harbor.

The forty-fifth anniversary of the Battle of Bull Run was observed on Sunday by the survivors of the Rhode Island regiments that participated in the battle.

Mrs. Titus Zabrickie gave a charming reception at her home on Rhode Island avenue in honor of her daughter, Miss Zabrickie, Tuesday afternoon.

Notwithstanding the bad weather in July the summer travel on the various railroads and trolley lines has been the largest on record.

Mr. Richard T. Wilson, Jr., who underwent an operation the past week at the Warren cottage, is on the road to recovery.

### Dr. Francis' Address.

The following address, delivered by Dr. V. Mott Francis at the placing of the memorial tablet on the Governor Bull house last week, is published by request:

Mr. President, officers and members of the Rhode Island Historical Society—

On behalf of the officers and members of the Newport Historical Society I greet you cordially. We feel much pleased that you have done us the honor of selecting our hall for your deliberation. You may occupy it at your leisure, and as a witty son of Erin once said to a society committee, "May you have ample time to take a retrospective view of the future." The mission on which you are engaged is a most laudable one, and I cannot but look upon it as a sort of adult kindergarten and that the erection of tablet, such as you are placing on the old Bull mansion in Spring street this day, and tablets of a similar nature, is an education to the living generation. The Newport Medical Society has placed one on the walls of the Newport Historical Society in memory of John Clarke, physician.

1609—1676.

Founder of Newport and of the Civil Polity of Rhode Island. Erected by the Newport Medical Society.

Dec.—1885.

The Sons of the Revolution of the State of Rhode Island have placed several tablets on ancient buildings—and from all I hear more will be shortly in use to mark historic spots and landmarks.

I cannot let this occasion pass without expressing myself on one point most emphatically, and it is this, that, according to my experience, when scientific or literary bodies meet no matter how divergent their views on the subjects under discussion, they seem to be free from acrimony and to listen with patience to the speakers, and, although they may not agree, yet each one seems determined to give due attention to each individual opinion, and to endeavor not to find fault with his theory but to sift out all that is good for the sole purpose of arriving at the truth, and when the discussion is over they part in friendship, having, as it were, agreed to disagree. May this good example be followed by all who come together to discuss political, religious matters.

Mr. President, as we are anxious to hear from you regarding this commission, and as we shall soon be refreshed by the interesting Historical Discourse of our respected fellow-citizen, the Hon. William P. Sheffield, I shall not take up your time any longer.

Gentlemen of both Societies, I have the honor of introducing to you Professor Wilfred H. Munro, a man who is an honor to his College, his city, his State and his country.

### Recent Deaths.

#### Freeborn Coggeshall.

Mr. Freeborn Coggeshall, a native of Newport and one of the oldest residents of the State, died at his home in Providence on Saturday at the advanced age of eighty-nine years. He was born in this city in 1817 and was a brother of the late Robert D. Coggeshall of this city and of the late Aaron Coggeshall of Middletown. While yet a young man he removed to Providence where he was engaged in the stove and furnace business, building up a profitable enterprise, retiring only a few months ago. He knew the business thoroughly and had a well earned reputation as a careful and competent workman.

Mr. Coggeshall took a deep interest in the affairs of St. Stephen's Church, of which he was one of the oldest vestrymen. He first entered the vestry in 1855, serving until 1857. In 1870 he again consented to accept an election and had held office continuously since. Devoted to the parish and loyal to its history and traditions, he had ever been a staunch supporter of the clergy, a valuable adviser, and an element of strength and sympathy in the corporation, vestry and congregation. Mr. Coggeshall had also served as a member of the school committee of the city of Providence.

Mr. Coggeshall had attended three reunions of the sons and daughters of Newport—in 1850, 1884 and 1905. Last year he was one of the speakers at the dinner during Old Home Week.

Funeral services were held at St. Stephen's Church, Providence, and were largely attended. The interment was in Swan Point Cemetery.

The Bristol Train of Artillery is in camp on the north side of the road near Island Park and attracts considerable attention.

Mr. John T. Lewis, ticket agent at the passenger depot, has been visiting at Niagara Falls.

Mrs. Ogden Goslet has arrived at her cottage, having recently returned from Europe.

# THE PILLAR of LIGHT

By Louis Tracy.

Author of  
"The Wings  
of the Morning"Copyright, 1904, by  
Edward J. Clode

## CHAPTER V.

THEY descended into the service room.

"Let me see," said Enid. "It will be nineteen years on the 22d of next June since you found me floating serenely under the Gulf Rock in a deserted boat?"

"Yes, if you insist on accuracy as to the date. I might cavil at your serenity."

"And I was 'estimated' as a year old then? Isn't it a weird thing that a year old baby should be sent adrift on the Atlantic in an open boat and never a word of inquiry made subsequently as to her fate? I fear I could not have been of much account in those days."

"My dear child, I have always told you that the boat had been in collision during the fog which had prevailed for several days previously. Those who were caring for you were probably knocked overboard and drowned."

"But alone, utterly alone! That is the strangeness of it. I must be an American. Americans start out to bustle for themselves early in life, don't they?"

"Certainly in that respect you might claim the record."

Brand had not told her all the facts of that memorable June morning. Why should he? They were not pleasant memories to him. Why bother her also with them? For the rest he had drawn up and read to her long ago a carefully compiled account of her rescue and the steps taken to discover her identity.

"I entered an active and useful career with a halo of glory," broke in Constance. "I am just plain English, born in Boston, of parents not poor, but not rich. Mother died a year after my birth, didn't she, dad?"

"You were thirteen months old when we lost her," he answered, bending over the clockwork attachment of the fog bell to wipe off an invisible speck of dust. Since his first term of service on the rock the light had changed from an opalescent to a fixed one.

"She is buried there, isn't she?" the girl went on. "How strange that amid our journeying we have never visited Brighton."

"If I were able to take you to her graveside, I would not do it," said Brand. "I do not encourage morbid sentiments even of that perfectly natural kind. Your mother to you, Constance, is like Enid's to her—a dear but visionary legend. To a degree it is always so between loved ones lost and those who are left. Truth, honor, work—these are the highest ideals for the individual. They satisfy increasingly. Happy as I am in your companionship, you must not be vexed when I tell you that the most truly joyful moment of my life was conferred when my little friend here first responded accurately to external influences."

He laid his hand on an object resting on a table by itself. It looked like an aneroid barometer, but the others knew it was the marine anemometer to which he had devoted so many patient hours. "Is it in working order now?" asked Constance instantly, and Enid came nearer. Together they examined the small dial. It was equipped with an arrow headed pointer and marked with the divisions of the compass, but without the distinguishing letters.

These three understood each other exactly. By inadvertence the conversation had touched on a topic concerning which Brand was always either vague or silent. Both girls were quick-witted enough to know that Constance's mother was never willingly alluded to either by the lighthouse keeper or by the elderly Mrs. Sheppard, who looked after them in infancy and was now the housekeeper of Labyrinth cottage.

Constance was annoyed. How could she have been so thoughtless as to cause her father a moment's suffering by bringing up painful reminiscences! But he helped her, being master of himself.

He adjusted a switch in the instrument.

"I had no difficulty in constructing a diaphragm which would intercept all sounds," he said. "The struggle came when I wanted an agent which would distinguish and register a particular set of sounds, no matter what additional din might be prevalent at the same time. My hopes were wrecked so often that I began to despair, until I chanced to read one day how the high tension induction coil could be tuned to disregard electrical influences other than those issued at the same pitch. My anxiety, until I had procured and experimented with a properly constructed coil, was very trying. I assure you."

"I remember wondering what on earth it was," volunteered Enid. "It sounded like a mathematical snark."

"And I am sorry to say that even yet I am profoundly ignorant as to its true inwardness," smiled Constance.

"Yet you girls delight in poets who bid you harken to the music of the spheres. I suppose you will admit that the ear of, say, Ben Pollard is not tuned to such a celestial harmony. However, I will explain my anemometer in a sentence. It only listens to and indicates the direction of fog horns, sirens and ships' bells. A shrill steam whistle excites it, but the breaking of seas aboard ship, the loud clapping of a propeller, the noise of the engines, of a gale, or all these in combination, leave it unmoved."

"I remember once, when we were going from Portsmouth to Portland in a fog, how dreadfully difficult it was to discover the whereabouts of another steamer we passed en route," said his daughter.

"Well, with this little char on it

bridge, the pointer would have told the captain unerringly. I don't suppose it will be thick while you are here, or you would see it pick up the distant blasts of a steamer long before we can hear them and follow her course right round the arc of her passage. It is most interesting to watch its activity when there are several ships using their sirens. I have never had an opportunity of testing it on more than three vessels at once, but as soon as I could deduce a regular sequence for the seemingly erratic movements of the indicator I marked the approach and passing of each with the utmost ease."

"Would that stop collisions at sea?"

"Nothing will do that, because some ships' officers refuse at times to exercise due care, but with my instrument on board two ships, and a time chart attached to the drums, there would be no need for a board of trade inquiry to determine whether or not the proper warning was given. To the vast majority of navigators it will prove an absolute blessing."

"You clever old thing!" cried Enid. "I suppose you will make heaps of money out of it."

"The inventor is the last man to make money out of his inventions, as a rule," said Brand. "I suppose I differ from the ordinary poor fellow inasmuch as I am not dependent for a livelihood on the success of my discovery."

"There's not the least bit of chance of there being a fog tonight?" queried Enid so earnestly that a wave of incredulity rippled through the room.

"Not the least. In any event, you two girls will be in bed and sound asleep at 10 o'clock."

"Perish the thought!" cried Constance. "Bed at 10, during our first and only night on a lighthouse?"

"You will see," said her father. "You cannot imagine how the clock dawdles in this circumscribed area. Work alone conquers it. Otherwise, men would quit the service after a month's experience."

"Ship ahoy!" screamed Enid. "Here comes the Lapwing round Carn du Mr. Lawton must have lent her to bring the relief. How kind of him."

"The Lapwing cannot approach the rock," said Brand. "I will signal 'Landing impossible today.' It will save them a useless journey."

He selected the requisite flags from a locker, the phrase he needed being coded. Soon the strong breeze was trying to tear the bunting from the cordage, and though they could not hear the three whistles with which the little yacht acknowledged the signal, they could easily see the jets of steam through their glasses.

Constance happened to overlook the table on which stood the anemometer. "This thing has actually recorded those whistles," she cried in wonder.

"What sort of whistle has the Lapwing?" asked Brand.

"A loud and deep one, worthy of a leviathan. It was a fad of Mr. Lawton's. They say his siren consumes more steam than his engines."

Her father laughed. "Anyhow, he is sticking to his course," he announced. "I may as well take in the decorations."

Undaunted, but much disturbed by a sea ever increasing in strength as the force of the ebb tide encountered the resistance of the wind, the Lapwing held on. With wind and sea against her she would have made slow work of it. As it was, there was help forthcoming for both journeys unless the wind went back to the north again as rapidly as it had veered to the southwest.

She would not be abreast the rock for nearly an hour, so Brand left the girls in charge of the lookout while he visited the oil room. A wild night such as he anticipated demanded full pressure at the lamp. If the air became supersaturated, breakage of the glass chimneys might take place, and he must have a good stock on hand. Water and coal, too, were needed. The double accident to Bates and Jackson had thrown into arrears all the ordinary duties of the afternoon watch.

Naturally the pair in the lantern found the progress of the yacht exasperatingly slow.

"A nice Lapwing," said Enid scornfully. "I will tell Mr. Lawton he ought to rechristen her the Bantam. All her power is in her crows."

When Brand joined them matters became livelier. More accustomed than they to the use of a telescope, he made discoveries.

"The two supernumeraries are there," he announced, "but I cannot see Lawton. Indeed, so far as I can make out, she is commanded by Stanhope, dressed in Ben Pollard's oilskins."

"He has left Lady Margaret!" cried Constance.

"He never went home!" essayed Enid.

"Poor chap! He was going to take us for a drive tomorrow," said Constance.

"To Morvok," explained Enid, with a syllabic emphasis meant for one pair of ears.

"It is very nice of him to struggle on and have a look at us," said Brand. "He can come close enough to see us, but that is all. Our small megaphone will be useless."

Indeed the Lapwing dared not approach nearer than the Trinity mooring buoy. By that time the three, seated in the boat, had been appointed by the Probate Court, Town of New Shoreham, Adm. of the estate of WEDDIE H. DEAN, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, to have and to hold according to law, copy and having claims against said estate, to the clerk of said court within thirty days from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Administrator.

to strike a series of extraordinary attitudes with his arms and head.

"Why is he behaving in that illogical manner?" screamed Enid.

"Capital idea—semaphore—clever fellow, Jack," shouted Brand.

Abashed, Enid held her peace.

The lighthouse keeper, signalling in turn that he was receiving the message, spelled out the following:

"Is all well?"

"Yes," he answered.

"Bates and Jackson reached hospital Bates compound fracture. If weather moderates will be with you next tide."

"All right," waved Brand.

The distant figure started again:

"I-o-r-e-t-o-E-n-i-d!"

Enid indulged in an extraordinary arm flourish.

"And Con-s-t-a-n-c-e," she screamed. "It ought to be only kind regards to you, Connie. I believe you are a serpent."

"Do stop your chatter," shouted Brand, and he continued the message: "Weather looks very bad. Little hope for tonight. Lancelot due at 6. Will see personally that no chance is lost. Goodbye."

"Goodbye," was the response. The Lapwing fell away astern from the vicinity of the buoy.

"Why is he doing that?" asked Constance, close to her father's ear.

"He is too good a sailor to risk turning her in that broken water. A little farther out there is greater depth and more regular seas."

They watched the yacht in silence. At last her head swung round toward the coast. When broadside on a wave hit her, and the spray leaped over her masts.

"That gave them a wetting," cried Brand, and his calm tone stifled their ready fear. Indeed, there was greater danger than he wanted them to know, but the Lapwing reappeared, shaking herself and still turning.

"Good little boat!" said Brand. The crisis had passed. She was headed, at full speed, for the bay. And not too soon. Ere she reached the comparative shelter of Clement's Island she was swept three times by green water.

Inside the lantern, their faces ruddy with the exposure, their eyes dancing with excitement, the girls were voluble with delight. Could anything be more thrilling than their experiences that day!

"That semaphore dodge is too precious to be lost," cried Enid. "Connie, you and I must learn the alphabet. You shall teach us this very evening, dad. Fancy me signaling you the whole length of the promenade! Just look at Mrs. Wilson's bonnet, or 'Here come the Taylor-Smiths. Scoot! Oh, it's fine!'"

She whirled her arms in stiff jointed rigidity and mimicked Stanhope's fantastic posing.

"Why should you scot when you meet the Taylor-Smiths?" asked Brand. "Because Mrs. T.-S. hauls us off to tea and gives us a gallon of gossip with every cup."

"I thought your sex regarded gossip as the cream!"

"Sex, indeed! Old Smith is worse than his wife. He doesn't say much, but he thinks. One of his winks, at the end of a story, turns an episode into a three volume novel."

"It seems to me I must teach you the code in my own self defense," he replied. "And now for tea. Let us have it served here."

They voted this an admirable notion. The girls envisioned the meal by relating to him the doings and sayings of current interest ashore during the past two months. By a queer coincidence, which he did not mention, his relief was again due within a week, just as on the occasion of Enid's first appearance on the rock. The fact struck him as singular. In all probability he would not return to duty. He had completed twenty-one years of active service. Now he would retire, and when the commercial arrangements for the anemometer were completed he would take his daughters on a long promised continental tour unless, indeed, matters progressed between Stanhope and Enid to the point of an early marriage.

He had foreseen that Stanhope would probably ask Enid to be his wife. He knew the youngster well and liked him. For the opposition that Lady Margaret might offer he cared not a jot. He smiled inwardly—as the convenient phrase has it—when he reviewed the certain outcome of any dispute between himself and her ladyship. He would surprise her.

Brand the lighthouse keeper and Brand urging the claims of his adopted daughter would be two very different persons.

Of course all Penzance knew that he was a gentleman, a scientist in a small way and a man of means. Otherwise Constance and Enid would not have occupied the position they held in local society. Those unacquainted with English ways oftentimes make the mistake of rating a man's social status by the means he possesses or the manner of his life in London. No greater error could be committed. The small, exclusive county town, the community which registers the family connections of many generations, is the only reliable index. Here to be of gentle birth and breeding—not bad credentials even in the court of King Demos—confers Brahminical rank, no matter what the personal fortunes of the individual.

Brand, it is true, did not belong to a Cornish county family, but there were those who counted him shrewdly. They regarded him as a well meaning crank, yet the fact went forth that his daughters were to be "received," and received they were, with pleasure and admiration, by all save such startled elderly mammas as Lady Margaret Stanhope, who expected her good looking son to contract a marriage which would restore the falling fortunes of the house.

All unconscious of the thoughts flitting through his brain, for Brand was then trimming a spare lamp, the two girls amused themselves by learning the Morse alphabet from a little book which he found for them.

Shoreham, by the light fell, dark and lowering, and the wind came from the west. The light was lighted. They had not been in the office of the lighthouse for long. The shore light was lighted, which they were acquainted with.

But what new note was this in the outer chaos? An ordinary gale shuddered on the catoptric principle, wherein a large number of small Argand lamps, with reflectors, are grouped together.

To interest them, to keep their eyes and ears away from the low water orgy of the reef, he explained to them the catoptric action of the oil. Although they had learned these things in school, they had not realized the exactness of the statement that oil does not burn, but must first be converted into gas by the application of heat.

On the Gulf Rock there were nearly 3,000 gallons of colza oil stored in the tanks beneath, colza being used in preference to paraffin because it was safer, and there was no storage accommodation apart from the lighthouse.

Requiring much greater heat than mineral oil to produce inflammable gas, the colza had to be forced by heavy pressure in the cistern right up to the edge of the wicks and made to flow evenly over the rims of the burner, else the fierce flame would eat the metal disks as well.

He read them a little lecture on the rival claims of gas and electricity and

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"It is high water about half past 1. I think?"

He nodded, pretending to treat the question as of no special import.

"From all appearances there will be a heavy sea," she went on.

"Just an ordinary bad night," he said coolly.

"Do the waves reach far up the lighthouse in a gale?" she persisted.

Then Brand grasped the situation grimly.

"So that your slumbers may be peaceful," he said. "I will call your kind attention to the fact that the Gulf Rock light has appeared every night during the past twenty-five years, or since a date some four years before you were born, Constance. It contains 4,000 tons of granite and is practically indestructible, as if it were carved out of a quarry. Indeed, I think its builder went on better than nature. Here are no cracks or fissures or undetected flaws. The lowest course is bolted to the rock with wrought iron clamps. Every stone is dovetailed to its neighbors and clasped to them with iron above, below and at the sides. If you understand conic sections I could make clearer the scientific aspect of the structure, but you can take it from me, you are far safer here than on a natural rock many times the dimensions of this column."

"That sounds very satisfactory," murmured Enid, sleepily.

"I am overwhelmed," said Constance, who grasped the essential fact that he had not answered her question.

Soon after 9 o'clock he kissed them good night. They promised not to sit up talking. As a guarantee of good behavior, Enid said she would ring the electric bell just before she climbed into her bunk.

The signal came soon and he was glad. He trusted to the fatigue, the fresh air, the confidence of the knowledge that he was on guard, to lull them into the security of unconsciousness.

The behavior of the mercury puzzled him. In the barometer it fell, in the thermometer it rose. Increasing temperature combined with low pressure was not a healthy weather combination in January. Looking back through the records of several years, he discovered a similar set of conditions one day in March, 1891. He was stationed then on the northeast coast and failed to remember any remarkable circumstance connected with the date, so he consulted the lighthouse diary for that year. Ah! Here was a possible explanation. The chief keeper, a stranger to him, was something of a meteorologist.

He had written: "At 4:15 p. m. the barometer stood at 27.14 degrees and the thermometer at 45.50 degrees. There was a heavy sea and a No. 7 gale blowing from the S. S.-W. About 5 o'clock the wind increased to a hurricane and the sea became more violent than I have seen it during five years' experience of this station. Judging solely by the clouds and the flight of birds, I should imagine that the cyclone center passed over the Scilly Isles and the Land's End."

Then next day: "A steady northeast wind stifled the sea most effectively. Within twenty-four hours of the first signs of the hurricane the channel was practicable for small craft. A fisherman reports that the coast is strewn with wreckage."

Brand mused over the entries for awhile. With his night glasses he peered long into the teeth of the growing storm to see if he could find the double flash of the magnificent light on the Bishop Rock, one of the Atlantic breakwaters of the Scilly Isles. It was fully thirty-five miles distant, but it flung its radiance over the waters from a height of 143 feet, and the Gulf Rock lamp stood 130 feet above high water mark. A landsman would not have distinguished even the nearer revolutions of the St. Agnes light, especially in the prevalent gloom, and wisps of spindrift were already striking the lantern and blurring the glass.

Nevertheless he caught the quick flashes reflected from clouds low, but unbroken. As yet there was a chance of the incoming tide bringing better weather, and he bent again over the record of the equinoctial gale in 1891. Soon he abandoned this hope. The growing thunder of the reef as the tide advanced gave the first unmistakable warning of what was to come. As a mere matter of noise the reef roared unbroken craftsmanship. They were being tested now almost beyond endurance.

Some natures would have found relief in prayer. Gladly would Constance and Enid have sunk on their knees and besought the Master of the winds to spare them and those at sea. But Brand, believing that a catastrophe was imminent, decided that in order to save the girls' lives he must neither alarm them nor lose an unnecessary instant.

To desert the light—that was impossible personally. If given the least warning he would spring toward the iron rail that curved by the side of the stairs to the service room and take his chance; otherwise he would go with the lamp. There was no other alternative; the girls must leave him at once.

The laugh with which he greeted their appearance gave him time to scheme.

"I ought to scold you, but I won't," he cried. "Are you plucky enough to descend to the kitchen and make three nice cups of cocoa?"

Just think what it cost him to speak in this bantering way, careless of words, though each additional syllable might mean death to all three.

His request had the exact effect he calculated. For once Constance was deceived and looked her surprise. Enid, more volatile, smiled through her tears. So it was not quite as bad as they imagined, this gale. Their father could never be so matter of fact in the face of real peril to all of them.

"Cocoa! Fancy a man giving his thoughts to cocoa while they were expecting the lighthouse to be hurled into the English channel!"

He turned again to manipulate the brass screws.

"Now, do not stand there shivering," he said, "but harden your hearts and go. Use the oil stove. By the time it is ready—"

"Shivering, indeed!"

Continued on page three.

WRIGHT & HAY,

REGISTERED PHARMACISTS,

FRESH BRUSH'S K



## A CLEVER ILLUSTRATION WITH CONCLUSIVE PROOF.

There is an old formula in philosophy which says that no two things can occupy the same place at the same time. As a simple illustration, drive a nail into a board and you will find with every stroke of the hammer, the nail will force aside the particles of wood into which it is being driven, finally making a place for itself, and proving that the nail and the wood do not occupy the same place at the same time.

**DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS AND BLADDER** and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cannot occupy the same place at the same time. If you are troubled with frequent pains in the back; if your urine stains linen; if you urinate frequently during the night, and a burning pain accompanies its passage, your kidneys and bladder are in bad shape and should be treated at once.

Every dose of **DR. DAVID KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY** slowly but surely pushes aside some of the particles of the dread diseases of the kidneys and bladder, liver, blood, rheumatism, dyspepsia and constipation, until they completely disappear. Do not lose faith or find fault, if you are not entirely cured by one bottle, because if these diseases have fastened their grip on you the longer and harder it is to drive them away.

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Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

## WHAT FOREST TREES TO PLANT.

A reader of these notes residing in the northern part of the writer's home state writes an interesting letter in which he takes exception to a recent article which appeared in this department in which the soft maple was recommended as the most practical tree to plant with a view to securing a grove that would make a quick growth and insure a supply of fuel of fairly good quality. For the purpose named we see no reason for revising the recommendation as made. Assuming a different ultimate object in the planting of a grove, which our correspondent does, we agree quite fully with him in his suggestions. His view in regard to tree planting is that, barring shade trees, no tree should be planted which will not ultimately produce a saw log, this because of the increasing scarcity of timber and consequent increase in price. For this reason he holds that every farmer should prepare for the future and take precautions which will insure him a supply of lumber at the end of a period of twenty-five or thirty years. For this purpose he thinks no tree will compare with the cottonwood, which under favorable conditions will make a growth of three-fourths of an inch in diameter annually. In thirty years' time this would give a tree large enough so that it could be sawed into material especially adapted for the inside of barn buildings. He recommends planting the inside rows with black walnut, a few rows on either side with cottonwoods, with European larch on the outside. In his own words: "All are moderately fast growers. In twenty years' time the larches would be ready to sell for telephone poles, in thirty years the cottonwoods would be valuable for the purposes above mentioned, and at any period later the walnuts would be rapidly increasing in value. They should all be planted thick enough so that they would grow tall and the lower branches fall off and be trimmed to a height of twenty or thirty feet, gradually thinning out as necessity required." In case the farmer has a grove our friend recommends planting walnuts in all vacant places, which in time would give a desirable walnut grove, a suggestion that is timely. For the man who is willing to wait the length of time necessary the plan our correspondent suggests is admirable and his suggestion as to the varieties of trees desirable for planting excellent, but we fear for the average farmer it requires too high a type of horticultural faith, which, while commendable, is of rare occurrence, but which perhaps for that reason needs every possible encouragement. For the man who has faith and is willing to wait the plan of tree planting suggested is first rate; for the one who feels he cannot wait so long and does not have to wait a lumber supply the soft maple grove will be found a very satisfactory substitute.

## THE UNION PATCH.

Experience with onion raising covering several years leads to the belief that the most economical as well as the most satisfactory preparation of land for the crop consists in a summer fallowing of the piece of land to be used the season before one wishes to raise the onion crop. This should consist of successive plowings and diskings, which will result in bringing to the surface, germinating and killing just as much of the weed seed in the soil as possible. The decrease in the cost of weeding coupled with the satisfaction of having the crop in a clean condition will pay for the rental of the land three times over. A fine clover meadow which was remarkably free from weeds last season and the second crop on which was plowed under last September now shows no end of pigeon grass, which must have lain dormant through last year, the presence of which will very largely increase the cost of weeding. If the piece of land selected for the onion patch is not known to be reasonably free from weed seeds the plan of summer fallowing will be found by far the most satisfactory.

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## THE PILLAR OF LIGHT.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

"I've and whistled and chanted the way past the lantern in varying tones. 'I sang, it piped, it howled, it played on giant reeds and crashed with cymbals. Now he looked at the clock, after midnight—there was a sustained screech in the voice of the tempest which he did not remember having heard before. At last the explanation dawned on him. The hurricane was there, a few feet away, shut off from him by mere sheets of glass. The lighthouse thrust its tall shaft into this merciless tornado with grim steadfastness, and around its smooth contours poured a volume of unearthly melody which seemed to surge up from the broad base and was flung off into the darkness by the outer sweep of the cornice.

The wind was traveling seventy, eighty, maybe a hundred miles an hour. Not during all his service nor in earlier travels through distant lands had he ever witnessed a storm of such fury. He thought he heard something crack overhead. He looked aloft, but all seemed well. Not until next day did he discover that the wind vane had been carried away, a wrought iron shank nearly two inches thick having snapped like a piece of wood at the place where the tempest had found a fault.

He tried to look out into the heart of the gale. The air was full of flying foam, but the sea was beaten flat. If the growing monster beneath tried to fling a defiant crest at the tornado the whole mass of water, many tons in weight, was instantly torn from the surface and flung into nothingness. Some of these adventures, forced up by the reef, hit the lighthouse with greater force than many a cannon ball fired in battles which have made history. Time after time the splendid structure winced beneath the blow.

If Stephen Brand were ever fated to know fear he was face to face with the ugly phantom then. The granite column would not yield, but it was quite within the bounds of possibility that the entire lantern might be carried away and be with it.

He thought, with a catching of his breath, of the two girls in the tiny room beneath. For one fleeting instant his mortal eyes gazed into the unseen. But the call of duty restored him. The excessive draft affected the lamp. Its order must be checked. With a steady hand he readjusted the little brass screws—they were so superbly indifferent to all this pandemonium—just little brass screws, doing their work and heeding naught beside. Suddenly there came to him the triumphant knowledge that the pure white beam of the light was hewing its path through the savage assailant without as calmly and fearlessly as it lit up the ocean wilds on a midsummer night of moonlight and soft zephyrs.

"Thank God for that!" he murmured aloud. "How can a man die better than at his post?"

The ring of iron beneath caught his ears. He turned from the lamp. Constance appeared, pale, with shining eyes. She carried the lantern. Behind her crept Enid, who had been crying. She strove now to check her tears.

"Is this sort of thing normal, or a special performance arranged for our benefit?" said his daughter, with a fine attempt at a smile.

"Oh, dad, I am so frightened!" cried Enid. "Why does it howl so?"

## CHAPTER VI.

IT says a good deal for Stephen Brand's courage that he was able to laugh just then, but it is a fine thing for a man in a moment of supreme danger to be called on to comfort a weeping woman.

The next minute might be their last. Of that he was fully conscious. Even before the girls reached his side he felt a curious lifting movement of the whole frame of the lantern. Steel and glass alike were yielding to the sustained violence of the wind pressure. Well were they molded, by men whose conscience need harbor no reproach of Constance, of the riving breed, would let him see that he had no monopoly of the family motto, "Audax." She, too, could dare.

"Down you go, Enid!" she cried. "He shall have his cocoa, poor man!"

He looked over his shoulder and caught his daughter glancing at him from the well of the stairs.

"Bad night!" he shouted cheerfully, and he cheated her quick intelligence a second time.

They were gone. Perchance it was his last sight of them in this life. Three times the stairway framework creaked. Once it moved so perceptibly that the curtain rings jingled. Then he remembered the words of Isaiah:

"For thou hast been a strength to the poor, a strength to the needy in his distress, a refuge from the storm, a shadow from the heat, when the blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against the wall."

The blast of the terrible ones! What a vivid picture of the awesome forces of nature! How long would this tornado continue? Already it must have strewn its path with havoc at sea and on land. His physical senses were elevated to the supernatural. He seemed to acquire abnormal powers of sight and hearing. He could see the trees bending before the wrathful wind, hear the crashing tiles and brick-work as houses were demolished and people hurled to death. But there was no ceasing of soul, no mental attitude. In quick reaction came the fanciful memory of the hardy old salt who cheered his shipmates during a terrific gale with the trite remark:

"I pity the poor folk ashore on a night like this."

What a curious jumble of emotions jostled in his brain. A step from the sublime to the ridiculous! Not even a step. They were inextricably interwoven, the woe and the wisp of things. He recalled the odd expression of an officer who had passed unscathed through the inferno of Sion kop.

"I had no sense of fear," said he, "but my teeth began to ache."

Brand, a student, even of himself, discovered that his dominant sensation was one of curiosity.

"If it has to be," said his nervous system, "let it come quickly." He felt

like a man lying on the operating table waiting for the chloroform.

Suddenly the bright flame of the lamp lessened. The use that was his second nature caused him to raise the wicks and admit more draft. Even while his deft fingers arranged the complex burner his ear caught a change in the external din. The shriek of the wind dropped to a thunderous growl. This was a gale, not a tempest. God be praised, the crisis had passed! The hurricane had lasted thirty-five minutes. A similar tornado sufficed to wreck one-half of the city of St. Louis. This one, as he learned afterward, swept around the south of Ireland, created a tidal wave which did great damage to the Scilly Isles and the headlands of the south coast, yet spent itself somewhere in the North Sea. Dwellers in inland climes were amazed and incredulous when the newspapers spoke of its extraordinary violence. A truth is harder to swallow than a lie all the time.

Up clattered Enid with the steaming beverage, Constance, the lantern bearer, providing the rear guard.

"I do believe it is blowing worse than ever," said Enid, striving desperately to be unconcerned. In reality the angry wind was no longer able to hearken the waves. With a rising tide and the gale assisting there would soon be a sea worthy of Turner in his maddest mood.

"Good gracious, dad," cried Constance, "how pale you are! And your forehead is wet. What have you been doing?"

Brand hastily mopped his face with a handkerchief.

"During some of the heavy gusts," he explained, "I was compelled to stand on the trimming stage. And the micrometer valve required adjustment."

She eyed him narrowly. The margin of suspicion was wider.

"There is nothing else wrong?" she asked.

He approached and kissed her ear.

"Since when did my little girl begin to doubt me?" he said lightly.

Her eyes filled. Even the hint of a reproach from him was intolerable.

For the life of her she could no longer control the flood of terror which welled up beyond restraint.

"Forgive me, dad," she murmured, "but I thought, and I still think, that we were and are in a position of the utmost peril. I can't help knowing that it is high water about 2 o'clock. It is now only a quarter to 1. The worst is not over. Do you think I cannot read your dear face? Dad, if there is danger don't send us away again."

Tears were streaming down her white cheeks. Enid, holding the tray in speechless bewilderment during this outburst from her proud and self-reliant sister, set it down on the writing desk with a crash.

"Oh, dear," she wailed, "I don't want any cocoa if we're gog-gug-gog to be drowned!"

Certainly if Stephen Brand had imagined two minutes earlier that he was about to laugh long and loudly in a genuine surrender to an uncontrollable spasm of mirth he would have feared lest his wits were leaving him. Yet he laughed now until his vision was blurred. And the wonderful relief of it! What a tonic after the ordeal he had endured!

It chanced just then that an emancipated wave embraced the granite column, hit the cornice and deluged the lantern, its disintegrated mass striking the glass with force enough to break any ordinary window. The astounded girls could not refuse the evidence of eyes and ears. Here was the frantic sea leaping to a height of 140 feet and more, yet their father was treating the incident as the merriest joke of many a month.

No better cure for their hysteria could be contrived. Brand was obviously not acting. The hearty pulsations of laughter had restored his ruddy color. Evidently they were alarmed about nothing.

"Here, Enid, drink your parting cup!" he cried. "Have no fear. It is only the doctan dross before many another feast."

Feeling somewhat ashamed of themselves, though smiling very wistfully, they obeyed him. He sipped his cocoa with real nonchalance. Another wave turned a somersault over the lantern. Brand's only anxiety was to blow at the steaming liquid and cool it sufficiently.

Yet was he watching them and hammering out the right course to adopt. He alone understood that to the novice the amazing ordeal from which the lighthouse had successfully emerged was as naught compared with the thunderous blows of the waves, the astounding reverberations of the hollow pillar, the continuous deluge of spray striking the lantern, which the infuriated sea would flatter on them.

To urge any further effort to sleep was folly. They must remain with him and be comforted.

Being reasonable girls, of fine spirit under conditions less benumbing, it



No better cure for their hysteria could be contrived.

was better that they should grasp the facts accurately. They would be timid, of course, just as people are timid during their first attempt to walk 'twixt rock and cataract at the falls of Niagara.

ara, but they would have confidence in their guide and endure the surrounding pandemonium.

"Here's to you, Enid. Still we live," he cried, and drained his cup.

"I sup-pup-pose so," she stammered. "Better sup up your cocoa," said Constance. "Now I am quits with you for this afternoon."

"I'll tell you what," went on Brand confidentially. "In that locker you will find a couple of stout pilot coats. Put them on. As I cannot persuade you to leave me you must sit down, and it is cold in here. Moreover, for the first time in twenty-one years I will smoke on duty. I have earned a little relaxation of the law."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw that Constance, if not Enid, had not missed the subtle hint in his words. But she was quite normal again. She gave no sign; helped her sister into the heavy reefer, and made herself comfortable in turn.

"Neither of you will ever regret tonight's experience—when it is nicely over," he said. "You are like a couple of recruits in their first battle."

"I am sure!" began Enid.

A huge wave, containing several hundred tons of water, smote the lighthouse and exalted over their heads. The house that was founded upon a rock fell not, but it shook through all its iron bound tiers, and the empty cups danced on their saucers.

Not another word could Enid utter. She was paralyzed.

"That fellow—arrived—in the nick of time—to emphasize my remarks," said Brand, lighting his pipe. "This is my baptism of fire, if I may strain a metaphor. But you are far better situated than the soldier. He gets seared out of his wits by big guns which are comparatively harmless, and when he has been well pounded for an hour or so he advances quite blithely to meet the almost silent hail of dangerous bullets. So, you see, in his case, ignorance is bliss."

"Are we in bliss?" demanded Constance.

"You have been. The lighthouse has outlasted a hurricane such as has not visited England before in my lifetime. It is over. The wind has dropped to a No. 10 gale, and we have not lost even a bit of skin to my knowledge. Now the cannomade is beginning. Certainly we may have the glass broken by a rare accident, but no worse fate can befall us."

A heavy thud was followed by a deluge without. They heard the water pouring off the gallery.

Constance leaned forward, with hands on knees. Her large eyes looked into his.

"This time, dad, you are not choosing your words," she said.

"I am sorry you should think that," was the reply. "I selected each phrase with singular care. Never be misled by the apparent ease of a speaker. The best impromptu is prepared beforehand."

"You dear old humming," she cried.

Now the quiet deadliness of the scene which followed the reappearance of Enid and herself from their bedroom was manifest to her. Enid, too, was looking from one to the other in eager striving to grasp the essentials of an episode rapidly grouping its details into sequence. Brand knew that if he parried his daughters' questioning they would be on their knees by his side forthwith, and he wished to avoid any further excitement.

"Please attend, both of you," he growled, with mock severity. "I am going to tell you something that will console you."

His voice was drowned by some part of the Atlantic whirling over the lantern.

"This kind of thing does not go on all the time," he continued. "Otherwise we should have five hours of spasmodic conversation. As soon as the tide rises sufficiently to gain an uninterrupted run across the reef we will have at least two hours of comparative quiet. About 4 o'clock there will be a second edition for an hour or so. I suppose that any suggestion of bed?"

"Will be scouted," exclaimed Enid.

"A nice pair of beauties you will be in the morning," he grumbled artfully. Not even Constance was proof against this new burden of woe. She glanced around.

"You say that," she cried, "knowing that the nearest looking glass is yards away."

He pointed with his pipe.

"In the second drawer of the desk you will find a heliograph. It is only a toy, but will justify me."

They ran together and found the little circular mirror. The next wave passed unheeded. Smiling, he went up to the lamp. Even yet there was hope they might go to bed when the respite came.

After much talk of disordered hair, wan cheeks, rings round the eyes, cracked lips and other outrageous defects which a pretty woman mourns when divorced from her dressing table, Constance called him.

"Here is a queer thing," she said. "Have you heard any steamer hooting?"

"No," he answered. Bending between the two of them, he saw that the pointer of the auriscope bore due southwest, though the last siren of which they had any knowledge sounded from the opposite direction.

He picked up a little trumpet resembling the horn of a motor car.

"I use this for tests," he explained. Its tiny vibrator quickly brought the needle round toward his hand.

"It is improbable in the highest degree that any steamer is near enough to affect the auriscope," he said. "On a night like this they give the coast a wide berth."

He quitted them again. The girls, having nothing better to do, watched the dial to see if any change occurred. He heard them use the small trumpet three times. Then Enid sang out:

"Oh, do come, dad! It goes back to the southwest regularly!"

He joined in the watch. The needle was pointing north in obedience to the sound waves created in the room. Suddenly it swung round nearly half the circumference of the dial.

"Tush!" he said. They listened intently, but the roar of wind and water was too deafening. They could hear naught else. He went to the southwest point of the glass dome, but the lantern was so dimmed with streaks of

water that he could see nothing save a tawny vastness where the light fell on the flying spindrift.

To make sure he tested the auriscope again and with the same result.

"A vessel is approaching from the southwest," he announced gravely. "Evidently she is whistling for help. I hope she will not attempt to approach too near the reef. I must have a look out."

He put on an oldskin coat and tied the strings of a sou'wester firmly beneath his chin.

The small door of the lantern opened toward the bay, so he had no difficulty in gaining the gallery. The girls watched him forcing his way against the wind until he was facing it and gazing in the direction of the Scilly Isles.

"Perhaps some poor ship is in danger, Constance," whispered Enid. "It makes me feel quite selfish. Here was I, thinking of nothing but my own peril, yet that little machine there was faithfully doing its duty."

"It was not alone in its self abandonment. We shall never know, dearest, how much father suffered when he sent us off with a just on his lips. I am sure he thought the lantern would be blown away."

"And he with it! Oh, Constance!"

"Yes, he believed it that awful thing took place while we were below we might escape. I can see it all now. I had the vaguest sort of suspicion, but he hoodwinked me."

"Had we known we would not have left him!" cried Enid passionately.

"Yes, we would. Think of him, sticking to his post. Was it for us to disobey?"

Overcome by their feelings, they stood in silence for a little while. Through the thick glass they could dimly distinguish Brand's figure. A great wave assailed the lantern, and Enid screamed loudly.

"Don't, dear!" cried Constance shrilly. "Father would not remain there if it were dangerous."

Nevertheless they both breathed more freely when they saw him again, an indeterminate shape against the luminous gloom.

Constance felt that she must speak. The sound of her own voice burnt and flamed.

"I have never really understood dad until tonight," she said. "What an enabling thing is a sense of duty. He would have died here quite calmly, Enid, yet he would avoid the least risk out there. That would be endangering his trust. Oh, I am glad we are here. I have never lived before this hour."

Enid stole a wondering glance at her sister. The girl seemed to be gazing into depths immeasurable. Afterward the words came back to her mind.

"That would be endangering his trust." Brand faced the gale a full five minutes. He returned hastily.

## [TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A Lover of Pigs.

For many years Lord Gardenstone was one of the characters of Edinburgh and as such received a place among the famous Kay's portraits. He was represented riding on an old horse, with a dog in front and a boy dressed in a kilt behind. A detailed account of the picture states that Kay portrayed him as, what he really was, a very timid horseman, mounted on an old hack, which he had selected for its want of spirit, preceded by his favorite dog Snash and followed by a highland boy, whose duty it was to take charge of the horse on arriving at parliament house. His eccentricity took the even stranger form of a strong affection for pigs. He became so much attached to one that he allowed it to share his bed, and when road feeling and rapid growth made it a rather cumbersome bedfellow it was still lodged in comfortable quarters in the apartment. During the daytime it followed him about like a dog. One morning a farmer had occasion to visit his lordship and, being shown into his bedroom, stumbled upon some object. That object gave vent to an uncompromising grunt and squeal of complaint, and from the bed there proceeded a voice. "It is just a bit sow, poor beast, and I laid my breeches on it to keep it warm all night."—Dundee Advertiser.

## Eating Ants For Dessert.

Savages, we know, indulge in such luxuries as grubs and locusts, but for a civilized white man to flinch up his dinner with a dish of raw ants seems too nasty to be credible. Yet in Mexico it is the custom—and a custom adopted by plenty of colonials and visitors. The ant eaten is called the honey ant and is perhaps as curious an insect as lives. With a tiny head and legs, it has a huge body as big as a large pea, and this is yellow and swollen with excellent honey. In each nest there are 300 or 400 of these honey ants, which are attended by thousands of others. The honey ants hang on to the roofs of the cells in the nest while the others feed them. They are, in fact, living storehouses of winter food. An observer says that if one of the honey ants falls from his perch a worker will go and pick him up and replace him. This feat is equivalent to a man walking up the face of a cliff carrying a large buffalo or cart horse on his back.

## Cleopatra's Mummy.

Where does Cleopatra's body rest? Scarcely a hyman who would not answer, "Why, in Egypt!" After her cajoleries, her wiles, her life of intense if not very exalted loves, Cleopatra was laid in one of the loveliest tombs that has ever been fashioned by the hand of man. But what a change 2,000 years has brought about! Today an ugly mummy, with an emblematic bunch of decayed wheat and a coarse comb tied to its head—a mere roll of tightly swathed dust—lies crumbled in a hideous glass case at the British museum. It is Cleopatra, the once great queen, a Venus in charm, beauty and love.—London Spectator.

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## The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

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Saturday, July 28, 1906.

It is said that the State of New York will get three millions out of Russell Sage's estate, as inheritance tax. This would make Sage very unhappy if he knew it.

There are many cheap resorts along Narragansett Bay, but the cheapest and poorest we have yet discovered is Boyden Heights. If a person is blest with an appetite he will do well to give that place a wide berth.

For the first time since 1865 the roll of Civil War pensioners showed a decrease for the year ended June 30th last. The number on the roll July 1, 1905 was 60,407, while on June 30, 1906, the number was 59,973.

Our foreign trade for the year ending June 30 amounts to the magnificent sum of nearly three billions of dollars. The past has been a record year, and shows that Uncle Sam's business is still in a flourishing condition.

It is estimated that between 40,000 and 50,000 persons visited Rockport, Mass., the past two days to inspect Admiral Evans' fleet. We trust there may be an equal number to look at the same fleet while it is here during Carnival week.

They are now trying to found a "Lincoln" party in this State, made up of old line Democrats and disgruntled Republicans. If Lincoln were alive he would not look with much favor on such an aggregation. The name and the crowd masquerading under it do not seem to harmonize very well.

Secretary Moody will spend his vacation in carpentering. He's got to build the State platform, and some of the lumber furnished him is cross-grained and likely to split.—Boston Herald.

A good workman like the Secretary will find no trouble when once he gets his coat off and gets down to work in earnest.

Congressman Foss is going to run against Draper for Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts. If he gets beaten in the convention he will run as an independent. Such a determination ought to defeat him in both places. The present State ticket in Massachusetts will doubtless be run again, and will be elected, and that on a protection platform, too.

The only defence that can be made in the Thaw trial for the murder of White is that of insanity and the Thaw family is pleading with the criminal to get him to admit that he is insane and submit to an examination. This would seem to be stretching the law to its utmost capacity. No doubt plenty of medical experts can be found, for money, to testify to the insanity dodge.

The Democratic party of Massachusetts is in an unhappy frame of mind. They are afraid that District Attorney Moran will steal the party and run away with it. They are calling on ex-Governor Douglass, General Bartlett and others of the old leaders to stand guard and put a stop to the theft. The leaders seem to be chary of putting themselves in the breach. They all decline with thanks.

The London Economist estimates that the cost entailed on Japan by the war with Russia was almost \$1,000,000,000. This cost was met by issuing loans amounting to \$777,500,000, by increasing taxes \$106,000,000, by using up surpluses amounting to \$84,000,000, while the balance was met from miscellaneous receipts. At the end of the last government year Japan's national indebtedness was \$388,180,000.

Young Teddy Roosevelt is a good deal like his distinguished father. He is over here at Sandusky now, enjoying the outdoor air in as quiet and free and easy a manner as any schoolboy. Fishing, sailing and automobilism are the principal things that occupy his mind, and, like his father, whatever he does he does strenuously. Rhode Island extends a cordial greeting to the son of the President.

The predictions on the wheat crop of 1906 range from 700,000,000 to 740,000,000 bushels. These are based on acreage and on conditions at the present time, when a large part of the crop is harvested. In 1901 the crop was 748,000,000 bushels. This is the only time that wheat has passed the 700,000,000 mark. The yield for 1906 is certain to be next to the largest ever gathered. As corn gives promise to break all records in magnitude, the American farmer continues to be in clover.

All signs point to a vigorous political campaign this fall throughout the country. The Democrats will make a desperate effort to get control of the National House of Representatives, and the Republicans to retain the large majority they now have. The campaign this fall will be a preliminary skirmish, leading up to the Presidential fight two years hence. Speaker Cannon says in regard to the campaign, "Our dominant note will be the record of the administration and of Congress, and, therefore, of the party. If our friend, the enemy, attempts to carry on a wind-jamming contest we've got the canvas to make a race. If our friend, the enemy, shows an inclination to get all the air that blows, we'll be ready for him at the time and place."

## The Making of Block Island.

Again ago a great ice sheet covered the whole of the northern part of North America. Its thickest part was just south of Hudson Bay, and from this place it moved outward in all directions. The part which came across what is now New England moved southward, as can be told from the deep scratches left by the rocks which became lodged in the lower part of the ice sheet. The front of this great moving bed of ice became covered with a great deal of debris from the country over which it travelled, and at the same time it pushed up before itself a vast heap of loose rocks and earth.

This ice sheet moved southward until it reached the ocean in this vicinity, and even then did not melt entirely until it had pushed its way several miles out into the sea. When it did melt it deposited the heap of rocks and earth it had been pushing up before itself, and left all this material in the form of an island. In this way Long Island was formed. The sea cut off by means of its storms and powerful waves the eastern portion of this great island and left the little seven by four bit of earth called Block Island. The waves kept at work on this small portion and ground up the earth and rocks along shore into fine sand. The wind blew this sand into small hills or sand dunes, and in the early part of the nineteenth century a severe storm spread out a great deal of this sand into the form of a beach, which is now used by summer visitors as a bathing beach. The sand on this beach is made up of quartz and iron ore. The iron ore can be collected by using a small magnet, for it is in the peculiar form called magnetite.

The close observer is surprised at the great number of different kinds of rocks which are found in the numerous well built stone walls, but when we remember that these rocks were gathered from all over New England by the ice sheet the reason for this variety is easily seen. Mica and quartz from Massachusetts, pudding stone, slate, and red iron ore from Rhode Island mingle with the granite from the White Mountains, in these remarkable walls.

The rounded hills of the island are the same as those found in every place where the ice sheet existed, and are accounted for by supposing that the material was deposited from above by streams coming from the melting ice.

Since Block Island is made entirely of this glacial drift, its geology is extremely simple, and requires but little study for a full explanation of its peculiarities. The collector of minerals, however, can get a very complete set of specimens with little trouble, and the farmer finds the soil very fertile, both without realizing that they owe their good fortune to a chance change in the climate many centuries ago.

## Parliaments of Peace.

Parliaments of peace are to be features of the midsummer, not only in the new world but in the old. While cable dispatches tell us of the journey, marked with cordial greetings, of Secretary Root to the Pan-American Conference at Rio Janeiro, we learn from London of the preparations in progress there for the meeting of the Interparliamentary Union next week. It is the general understanding that the American delegates will take a leading part in the deliberations of the latter conference, which will include representatives from the European parliaments, including that of Russia, as well as that of the new great Asiatic power, Japan. It is of interest to note, by the way, that inasmuch as the Spanish-American parliaments have not as yet organized any groups to represent them in the union, Congressman Bartholdt, the head of the American delegation, intends to propose a plan for establishing groups in those legislatures, as well as in others where the representation is weak. One of the principal proposals to be discussed at the London meeting will be that of securing a periodic assembling of the Hague Conference, a consummation much to be desired.

## Big Crops.

An authority on the Western crops says: "The Northwest wheat crop will be safe in from 15 days to two weeks. The present promise is for an enormous yield. Only a calamity can change this prospective result and there are no unfavorable indications as yet. If the crop matures the railroads will be unable to take care of the business and will take 15 months or over to market it. Oats and flax are also in fine condition and promise to break the record. Corn is coming forward nicely. The United States and Canada have the promise of almost 1,000,000,000 bushels of wheat. No such outlook has ever been in prospect on the American continent."

Rockport, Mass., has been the scene of great activity this week, owing to the presence of Admiral Evans' fleet in its waters. A banquet at Turke's Head Inn was tendered the officers of the fleet, by the citizens of that town and the summer residents of the North Shore. There were nearly two hundred present, including the Admiral, several Congressmen, the speaker of the Massachusetts house of representatives and other distinguished citizens of the Old Bay State.

The N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R. Company expect to have their trains, between New Haven and New York, running by electricity within a year.

## No Vacation.

There is less of a holiday atmosphere in government circles this summer than usual owing to the noteworthy activity of the national legislature during its recent session. While the Secretary of the Treasury has been busy with the bids for Panama canal bonds and the need for small notes and subsidiary coin, the Department of Agriculture has been taking energetic steps preparing the machinery for the enforcement of the meat inspection law, and the Civil Service Commission has been making ready for an examination for the new inspectors. In like manner, the Internal Revenue Service has been confronted with the necessity of preparing regulations for the enforcement of the denatured alcohol act and the Interstate Commerce Commission is investigating the elevator, grain buying and forwarding business of the country to determine to what extent special favors have been granted by railroad companies, and whether and to what extent officers or directors or stockholders of the latter own or control the grain buying and forwarding companies, together with other matters of cognate interest. It is, indeed, a busy summer in the government departments.

## Decrease in Business.

The 47th annual report of the New York State insurance superintendent shows that the insurance companies doing business in New York issued, in 1905, \$3,382 less policies than in 1904, representing a decrease in the amount of insurance written of \$88,548,706. There were 70,934 more policies terminated in 1905 than in 1904 and \$98,548,766 more insurance terminated in 1905 than in 1904. On Dec. 31, 1905, the gross assets of the insurance companies doing business in New York were \$2,651,316,714, an increase of \$194,647,227.

## Middletown.

The annual children's night entertainment, which is celebrated each year by the Patrons of Husbandry, was observed Thursday evening at the Aquidneck Grange by a large gathering of children and Grangers, at the town hall more than 100 being present. The program was especially interesting, being given by the children. Several little folks of 3 years presented songs and recitations. An original poem written for the occasion by Mrs. Walter Brown, entitled "God's Best Gift," an earnest one to the words "children's night" by the same author were received with great favor and commendation. The music included duets, piano solos, and vocal selections. A "peach hunt" and a "Jack Horner pie" with plums for the children completed the entertainment. Ice cream and cake were served, followed by dancing. Mrs. E. A. Peckham and Mrs. Daniel A. Peckham had charge of the affair and to their efforts was due the success of the occasion.

Miss Nancy Pierce of Fall River who has been entertained the past week by Miss Anita Johnson, on Aquidneck avenue, was the guest of honor at a "barn dance" given by the "D. K. U. M." Club on Wednesday evening.

During the months of July and August the Sunday School of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel will be discontinued.

Mr. Lester Albino of New York, who spent Monday with his mother, Mrs. Joseph E. Albino in Middletown, made a brief visit to his father who is undergoing treatment at the Homeopathic Hospital in Boston, having been in ill health the past two years.

The wet weather has caused quite an injury to the potato crop, causing an early blight and speckling a large portion of the field.

The Epworth League is preparing to give its annual Lawn Party on Friday afternoon and evening, August 1st. A salad supper will be served and fancy articles and home-made candy will be on sale. The house and grounds of Mr. and Mrs. J. Oscar Peckham on Green End ave. have been kindly loaned for this occasion.

A successful and well attended fair was held on the rectory grounds at St. Mary's Church on Wednesday afternoon and evening. Large flags of all nations with bunting and strings of red and white electric lights decorated the trees and buildings and made an attractive picture, especially in the evening. An arch had been erected over the East Main Road of electric bulbs and the effect was quite striking and a great convenience to the many who came by trolley. The sales tables were disposed round about the lawn with a large supper tent at one side where an excellent supper of chicken salad and cold meats was served. The four tables were attractively set with flowers and the tent decorated with green boughs and flags. Mrs. I. Lincoln Sherman was chairman of the supper committee and the ladies from both Holy Cross Guild and St. Mary's Guild assisted in serving the supper and in tending at the eight sales tables where fancy articles, cake, flowers, candy, lemonade and ice cream were sold.

Mrs. Lilla Greenman, who has been guest of her daughter, Mrs. R. Wallace Peckham the past two weeks, returned to Narragansett Pier on Sunday last.

Mrs. Lydia R. Chase, who has been in the Newport Hospital the past six weeks, is slowly improving.

A pleasant day along the shore was enjoyed on Wednesday by the Sunday School and members of the Methodist Episcopal Church on their annual picnic held on the grounds of Mr. Ira Wilbur's shore cottage near Indian avenue.

## Trades Procession NOTICE.

All those who have not yet entered teams for the Trades Procession during Carnival Week and who wish to participate are requested to send their names at once to Ernst Voigt, Russell A. Manchester or W. T. Libby. It is absolutely necessary to have all entries in before next Tuesday night in order to have the teams assigned to positions in line. Entries may be made in person, by telephone, or by the expenditure of one cent for a postal card.

Entries from Middletown, Portsmouth and Jamestown will be welcomed.

## Weather Bulletin.

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Washington, D. C., July 21, 1906. Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent July 20 to Aug. 3, warm wave 20 to Aug. 2, cool wave Aug. 1 to 5. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about Aug. 3, cross west of Rockies country by close of 4, great central valleys 5 to 7, eastern states 8. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about Aug. 8, great central valley 5, eastern states 7. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies country about Aug. 6, great central valley 8, eastern states 10.

The important feature of this disturbance will be the great rise in temperature it will inaugurate and the decrease of showers in the drouth districts of the great corn producing states.

Among the most severe storms of August will occur as this disturbance crosses the continent and it will be a good time to avoid excursions on water. I expect temperatures of August to average much above normal in the Ohio valleys, the middle Mississippi and lower Missouri valleys, in vicinity of lower lakes and of Lake Michigan and on Pacific slope. Elsewhere generally below normal temperatures are expected.

I expect a severe drouth in the principal corn sections during August. Draw a line from St. Louis by way of Dodge City, Omaha, Des Moines, Peoria, Cincinnati, Cairo and back to St. Louis and within that circle will occur a great drouth that will cut down corn crop conditions to 25 per cent below those at the same time last year. Elsewhere rainfall will be from about to much above normal and even within the marked drouth section some places will have almost enough rainfall to make a fair corn crop.

## Change in Schedule, Steamer New Shoreham.

The schedule of the Steamer New Shoreham has been arranged so that commencing on Wednesday, July 25th, Block Island passengers will on weekdays have two and one quarter hours on the island instead of one and three-quarter hours as at present, while on Sundays, the schedule will permit of a stop of nearly two hours.

It has been possible to make this provision by changing the leaving hour from Newport from 11:30 to 11:15 a. m. and making the return hour from Block Island 8:30 instead of 8:15 p. m., the New Shoreham being scheduled to reach Providence on her return at 7:15 p. m. as at present.

The popularity of the New Shoreham is attested by the increased patronage she is receiving this year. She is a fast steamer, and barring unforeseen weather or other conditions, may be depended upon to be on time at various points.

At Block Island the New Shoreham lands at the New Harbor Wharf, within easy reaching distance of a splendid bathing beach and shore dinner houses.

The Vanderbilt family is well represented in the Newport cottage colony this summer. The following are spending the season here: Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald C. Vanderbilt, Miss Gladys Vanderbilt, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. H. McK. Twombly. The last ate living most quietly, on account of the drowning of their son, and will not take part in any of the social festivities at Newport this summer.

Mr. John E. Gorman was summoned to his home in Somerville Thursday morning by the death of his son, who had been ill for some time. Mr. Gorman is one of the best known fish agents along this coast, and has been coming to Newport for many years, having a wide circle of friends and acquaintances in Newport who sympathize with him in his sad bereavement.

The police made a number of liquor raids last Sunday and seized a quantity of beer and empty bottles. Andrew J. Martin was arrested on the charge of selling and pleaded guilty. He was sent to the County Jail for 10 days and fined \$20 and costs.

A man named Joseph Auberg, an employe of the Pinard Cottages, was badly injured by being thrown from his bicycle by a passing vehicle on lower Thames street on Wednesday. There is no clue to the identity of the driver of the wagon.

There was a lawn party on the grounds of the Newport Hospital on Wednesday afternoon for the benefit of the children's ward.

Mr. A. P. Bryant announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Fannie Hammond Bryant, and Mr. Meritt Arthur Drane of Comstock, Texas.

## Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the lower half of the double house, No. 87 Thames street, belonging to Philip Stevens to Thomas Eldridge.

Wm. E. Brightman has rented the south stable on Vinton street, belonging to Philip Stevens, to J. J. Batty, of Washington, R. I.

## WEEKLY ALMANAC.

STANDARD TIME.		Moon		Moon		Moon		Moon		Moon	
Day	Month	Day	Month	Day	Month	Day	Month	Day	Month	Day	Month
28 Sat	Jul	1	Aug	1	Jul	1	Jul	1	Jul	1	Jul
29 Sun	Jul	2	Aug	2	Jul	2	Jul	2	Jul	2	Jul
30 Mon	Jul	3	Aug	3	Jul	3	Jul	3	Jul	3	Jul
31 Tue	Jul	4	Aug	4	Jul	4	Jul	4	Jul	4	Jul
1 Wed	Aug	5	Aug	5	Jul	5	Jul	5	Jul	5	Jul
2 Thurs	Aug	6	Aug	6	Jul	6	Jul	6	Jul	6	Jul
3 Fri	Aug	7	Aug	7	Jul	7	Jul	7	Jul	7	Jul

Full Moon, 5th day, 11h. 27m., evening.

First Quarter, 13th day, 6h. 13m., morning.

New Moon, 21st day, 7h. 50m., evening.

First Quarter, 29th day, 2h. 56m., morning.

Furnished Cottages, Jamestown, R. I. At Jamestown, on Conanicut Island, opposite Newport, Mr. Taylor has an office on Narragansett avenue, near corner of Greene Lane, where furnished cottages for the summer season can be rented, prices from \$200 up to \$2,000. Excellent, with ample accommodation, obtainable from \$400 to \$700. Jamestown office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9:30 till 5:30 o'clock, from April 1st to October 31st.

Mr. A. O. Taylor, Junior, or Mr. Hugh L. Taylor at the Jamestown office every day. Newport office, 132 Bellevue Avenue.

A. O. D. TAYLOR, REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

## Deaths.

In Providence, 21st inst., Freeborn Coggeshall, formerly of this city, in his 90th year. In Portland, Me., 22nd inst., Joseph P. Anthony, aged 25 years, and his wife Emma L. Anthony, aged 22 years.

In Portsmouth, 22d inst., suddenly, Evelyn Louise, daughter of the late Joseph L. and Emma L. Anthony, aged 3 years, 1 month, 16 days.

In Portsmouth, 23d inst., Mary J., wife of Edwin L. Taitman, in her 60th year.

In Tiverton, 23d inst., Cornelia J., widow of Isaac Cook, in her 72d year.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVES' signature is on each box. 25c.



## CURE SICK HEAD.

Block headache and relieve all the troubles that result from a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nervousness, Indigestion, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, etc. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, regulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness goes beyond here, and those who once try them will find that these little pills are valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick

## ACHE

Is the base of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not. Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills makes a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action, please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; 5 for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

## Newport Casino.

Music for the Season of 1906.

On and after Monday, July 9, MORNING CONCERT

Every Week Day From 11 to 1 o'clock.

Concerts Every Wednesday Afternoon from 3 to 5.

Sunday Evening Concerts, beginning at 8 o'clock.

Music and Dancing, Casino Theatre, Thursday Evenings, From 9.30 to 12.30.

A Full Line of all the NEW AND

Improved Varieties OF VEGETABLE SEEDS

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Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

If you have blurring vision, smarting eyes, if your head aches a great deal of the time, have it attended to at once by a competent man. The prescriptions that were on file at Heath & Co. are now on file at my office. Fine optical repairing of all kinds. Oculist's prescriptions given personal attention.

118 SPRING STREET.

1-27 1906 230 A. M. to 4:30 P. M.

## Block Island.

The people of Block Island are to be congratulated upon the flourishing condition of the Island High School which now has a membership of 48 students. The credit for the success of this school is due to Mr. W. G. Park, who has acted as principal for the past five years, to Miss Frances Cameron of Providence his assistant, of the class of 1907 of Brown University, to the pupils of the school for their earnest conscientious work, and to the people of the island at large who have given to it their most loyal support.

The graduation exercises of this year's senior class, consisting of six members, were held on June 14th at the First Baptist Church. The church, tastefully decorated with a profusion of flowers and pluk crepe paper, presented a most attractive appearance. The class flower selected was the pluk carnation, and the class motto—"Finish what you attempt."

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Whipple of Providence are spending a couple of weeks at the New Haven House. Mr. Whipple is a prominent attorney of Providence.

Mr. Isaac Kirby and wife of Providence, two of the old-timers at the Woonsocket are back again.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Gibbs and Miss Ruby Gibbs of Yokohama, Japan, are spending a few weeks at the Mantises.

Mr. James Bostwick, manager of the Schubert Theatre, Providence, and Mr. & Mrs. E. S. Bostwick have been spending the past week on their yacht at anchor in the Old Harbor. While here the Bostwicks are frequent dinner guests at the National. Mr. Arthur P. Aylsworth also of Providence is in the party.

Mr. J. McNamara, Secretary of the Anti Policy League of New York, is spending a couple of weeks at the National.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Root and children of Waterbury, Conn., are spending several weeks at the National.

We are very glad to welcome the steamer Danielson back upon her route and we are sure that all the visitors here will appreciate the evening meal which she brings.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Sprague and family of Providence have been spending a week with Mr. Richard Steadman.

Mr. James Henry Smith of Providence, Mrs. Arnold's brother, is spending a few days at the West Side Parsonage.

A party from Newport and Boston visited the Island on Monday to appraise the valuation of the dredge Columbia, which was burned to the water's edge at the entrance to the New Harbor about two weeks ago. The party, which consisted of Capt. C. M. Cole of Fall River, J. K. Sullivan and G. H. Burnham of Newport and Mr. Greene of Boston, arrived on the New Shoreham and after a consultation with U. S. Inspector of Dredging Mr. F. R. Carr, and a thorough inspection of the property, returned on the same boat. The work of Dredging the harbor will be discontinued for the present and the scows will be towed to Newport.

## Jamestown.

The regular monthly meeting and court of probate was held Monday afternoon.

A number of bills were allowed and ordered paid.

The town treasurer was authorized to hire \$1,000 for six months, to defray the current expenses of the town.

The petition of Samuel M. Gray and others for the granting of 12 new street lights at Conanicut Park was postponed indefinitely.

On a complaint, Mr. Elijah Anthony was appointed a committee to investigate the clubs adjoining Mr. John R. Caswell's residence and given power to act.

In court of probate the copy of the will of Nancy L. Johnson was ordered recorded and letters testamentary were granted Eugene V. Johnson of St. Louis, Thomas Taylor, T. C. Dowling and Howard Beaufort were appointed appraisers on the estate, and William P. Sheffield, Jr., of Newport, agent.

## Furnished Cottages

TO RENT AT

## BLOCK ISLAND.

H. S. MILLIKIN,

6-9 Real Estate Agent.

## Just Out!

## Six New

## Panoramic

## Post Cards.

TRAINING STATION, WASHINGTON SQUARE, BEACON ROCK, THE BEACH, HARBOR FRONT, THE CLIFFS.

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**FOUR PER CENT.**

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**S. S. THOMPSON.**

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**Died Near Urn For His Ashes**  
Middletown, N. Y., July 27.—Rev. Charles M. Winchester, a former Providence minister, died here last evening. Although he had been ill for nearly 20 years with a disease which he knew was incurable, he continued writing hu-

**Accidentally Killed by Brother.**  
Sterling, Mass., July 26.—Herbert Mosher, 9 years old, was almost instantly killed last evening while playing ball by being struck over the right eye by a bat in the hands of his brother Andrew. The accident occurred about

morous matter for newspapers. Last August his condition became so bad that he was confined to his bed. He had an urn brought for his ashes and it always stood on a table near his bed.

**Rockefeller Will Be In Court**

Findlay, O., July 27.—Attorney Troup, on behalf of John D. Rockefeller, formally waived service of the warrant out against him and entered his appearance in court, and at the same time gave bond in the sum of \$50,000, to appear in court at 8 o'clock, when it was too dark for the jury to see that he was near the swinging bat.

**Druggists Want to Sell Liquor**

Augusta, Me., July 28.—A letter has been issued to the druggists of Maine asking their support for the movement begun by the Maine Pharmacists' association to obtain legislation allowing druggists to sell alcoholic liquor for medicinal purposes. The matter is to be presented to the next legislature.

**\$1000 for Rockefeller's appearance on Sept. 4.** At the same time that the bond was given a motion to quash the information charging Rockefeller with conspiracy was also filed.

**Execution on an Island**  
Crisfield, Md., July 27.—William Lee, the negro youth who was sentenced to death for assaulting two women in Somerset county and who had been threatened with lynching, was hanged by Sheriff Brown on Smith's Island in the presence of deputies and a few witnesses. The hanging was orderly. The mob that had threatened to burn Lee at the stake was completely outwitted by the sheriff.

**Merger of Lighting Companies**  
Leominster, Mass., July 28.—At meeting of the stockholders of the Leominster Gaslight company it was voted to merge with the Boston Heat Light and Power company. The price offered by the Boston company for the stock of the local company is not known.

**Ice Prices Soaring High**  
New Haven, July 27.—Beginning next week there will probably be an advance in the wholesale price of ice in this city from 30 cents a hundred to 45. As a result of this advance a similar rise is looked for in retail prices that is from 90 cents a hundred to 75.

by the sheriff.





## AMONG THE LILACS

By Virginia Leila Wells

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It was a warm spring evening, so warm that he had ventured to sit out on the little wooden veranda. There was a suggestion of approaching summer in the breeze, and the air was redolent with lilacs. By glancing toward the right it was not difficult to see where the fragrance came from. On the other side of the hedge in the deepening twilight was a purple forest of plumes, and beyond that, white in the gray light, rose the old Howard house, the oldest in the tiny village as well as the largest. Selden Howard was the only living representative of the family.

Presently the group on Mrs. Jones' veranda began to speak of Selden, leading up to the subject from the fragrance of the bushes.

"Them lilacs is sickly sweet," observed Mrs. Jones herself.

"Really nauseating," acquiesced the boarder who had been spending the winter here in this little cottage among the Berkshire hills. "By the way, I saw a strange man at the postoffice this morning and I overheard some one say he was Mr. Howard. Very good looking man he was and seemed to know a thing or two."

"That's him," confirmed Mrs. Jones. "But why shouldn't he know a thing or two? He don't do nothing but travel and traipse round the country. He'd never home and won't have a thing to do with the people in the village."

The moon was beginning to show red and low in the warm dusk, and the lilacs made superb black shadow effects on the lawn. The little tired out city girl who sat on the lowest step of the veranda and who had just arrived that day had nothing to say. She was niling her whole soul with the beauty of the coming night.

Pretty soon, carrying her lamp, she went upstairs to her bedroom. She looked at the high mound of feather bed and at the small window at the foot into which was already flooding the spring moonlight. For a moment she stood irresolute; then she lowered the shade, slipped on a chemise and kimono, drew the pins from her hair, letting it fall about her shoulders, blew out the lamp and followed her whim to lean from the casement.

It had been a very long while since Katherine Hope had looked from a window over a garden when the moon was shining. True, from the window of their stodge city lodgings on Eleventh street, her mother's and hers, she had leaned out at times when her head was hot and aching with too much work and had caught a breath of outside air. But that was so different. From that window she could look out only on clotheslines, eaves, the back windows of the boarding houses on the next street, and there whatever restful thoughts might come to her were made havoc of by an accordion, cheap coon songs or the caterwauling of feline creatures on the fences below.

And now—oh, the feathery, pale fluorescence of the lilacs over yonder! Katherine drew her breath in with delight as their dominant scent came up to her. If only her dear mother could be with her to enjoy the beauty of it all! But that had not been possible. When the physician had shaken his head gravely over his young patient's worn-out condition and commanded an immediate change in the country it had been all that mother and daughter could do to scrape together the meager savings for Katherine's rest of a fortnight. And Katherine was not one to mew and whimper over impossibilities. She was here now, and she would make the best of every moment to grow strong and well again that she might go back with new life to her office work and the companionship of her sacrificing little mother.

The mild country air and the thousand odors of the spring played upon her face and lifted her loosened hair, gilded by the moonshine into the likeness of an aureole. Her white kimono fell softly around her; from the position in which she held her arms her soft elbows were plainly visible, and her exquisite face, leaning back a bit against the dark painted frame of the window, stood out like a cameo.

The girl was little conscious of anything except the wonder of the night, nor was she aware of one who watched her a moment from the shadow of the lilacs in the garden beyond the hedge. Selden Howard was returning from his dog kennels, whence he had gone to look after a sick collie, when his eye had chanced to fall upon the figure in the casement, and in sheer artistic appreciation had rested there.

"She's like some young princess," he thought to himself, pursuing his way toward the big house, "or a goddess. Her hair's like the silvery floss around corn. Her name ought to be Perilla, Marpesa or Ariadne. How ever in the world did the Jones family stumble across such a creature?" The glamour of the girl wore itself into his dreams, and in waking intervals he pondered on plans for an acquaintance. "Ah, ha, I have it!" at last laughed he.

Early the next morning he went fishing. As luck would have it, he secured a well filled creel. On his way home, without ceremony, he lifted the latch of Mrs. Jones' low back gate and entered. He walked right up to the kitchen window, for there stood Mrs. Jones rolling the dough for breakfast biscuit.

"Good morning, Mrs. Jones," said he. "I've got such a jolly big creel full of fish here that I don't know what to do with them. There's no one over there."

—nodding toward the big white house—"but my housekeeper, and she's sick this morning; so I'm wondering if you'll accept these?" With the gallantry of a knight he bent out to her his creel.

"Oh, Mr. Selden!" exclaimed the good woman, a bit flustered, but smiling with unmistakable appreciation. (Would the heavens fall next? When had Mr. Selden Howard last honored her humble dwelling like this? Surely not since his mother died, poor soul!) "Accept them?"

"I'll just guess I will! And so Mrs. Jones is back! Well, you'll just stay here to breakfast. I'll be all ready in fifteen minutes." This was as much as Howard had hoped for.

"You're awfully kind, Mrs. Jones," he said, affecting surprise. "And—yes, I believe I'll stay. I've a sick collie over in the kennels. I'll go back and look after her; then I'll be back to accept your hospitality."

When Katherine Hope entered the dining room Mrs. Jones of course presented Mr. Howard.

"How do you do, Mr. Howard," said she conventionally, with a smile, a little tired in spite of the play of childish dimples. But Selden was looking down at Katherine on the fine, white paring that separated the braids of purest flax.

"And how d're like them, Mr. Selden?" asked Mrs. Jones a bit later, referring to the biscuit.

"I love them," answered he, referring to the girl's dimples.

Of course that was only the beginning. After that Selden Howard managed almost daily to meet Katherine, or at least to catch a glimpse of her. Her lovely, tired eyes and little, quiet ways appealed to him in an infinitely more tender and real fashion than had those of many a pampered beauty whom he'd met in the course of his varied travels.

One morning Katherine was reading "The House of Mirth" out on the veranda. At least she was supposed to be reading it. In reality she had closed the book, keeping the page marked with her slim forefinger. She had only two days more here in God's green earth, and the lilacs seemed to be calling her imperatively. She had been breathing in lilacs to that extent that her thoughts seemed to be fairly scented with them. All at once an impulse of yielding came to her. Why in the world should she not step over the low hedge and go into the lilac garden?

She did. Bees hung above the purple bloom, and a little attenuated fountain tinkled in the distance. Oh, it was altogether enchanting. Just then a golden eyed sable collie came leisurely down the gravel walk to meet her.

"You beauty!" cried the girl exultantly, stooping to pat the dog's queenly head. The collie slowly swishing tail, sniffed at her and belched the ear.

A faint, low voice came from around the corner of the old house:

"Mollie, Mollie, old girl, where are you?" Mollie sat with one ear up, the other down, as collies will when perplexed. She loved her master—but also she loved her new found friend.

"Ah!" cried Selden, coming upon them unexpectedly. "But it is beautiful to find you in my garden!" he said, looking gladly upon Katherine. "Do you know, last night I dreamed you were here. You are very, very welcome, little lady."

"You see," she explained helplessly, trying to hide her telltale blushes, "it was the lilacs. They called me."

Suddenly he took both her hands in his and drew her toward the bushes.

"Dear lilacs," he whispered whimsically, "she is here now—on an enchanted ground—and we must keep her. You belong to my garden," he added masterfully, turning full upon Katherine, "and I will not let you go. The house yonder is very lonely and waits for you. You will stay?"

Her answer? Well, she was a girl and very tired, and he was a man and strong—and it was spring—and they were among the lilacs!

**The Kangaroo at Bay.**

When pursued the kangaroo, if possible, directs his flight toward the river. If he reaches it, he enters and, thanks to his great height, is able to go on foot to a depth where the dogs are obliged to swim. Here he plants himself on his two hind legs and his tail, and, up to his shoulders in the water, he waits the attack of the dogs. With his fore paws he seizes by the head the first dog that approaches him, and, as he is more solidly balanced than his assailant, he holds the dog's nose under water as long as he can. Unless a second dog speedily comes to the rescue the first one is sure to be drowned. If a companion arrives and by his attacks on the kangaroo manages to set the captive free the half drowned brute is glad to regain the shore as quickly as possible. In this way a strong and courageous male kangaroo will hold his own against twenty or thirty dogs, drowning some and frightening others, and the hunter is obliged to intervene with a bullet.

**The Scorpion of Ceylon.**

A more disagreeable object than a scorpion of Ceylon it would be difficult to imagine. Although, as a rule, it does not measure more than seven inches in length, there is a species found in the woods that are longer than a foot. They crawl out of some dried wood, and, taking up their position on a convenient rock or stone, look, as they hold their great jointed sting curved over their backs and their claws held aloft, the very picture of aggressive warfare. Here they stretch themselves in the broiling sun and await their prey. These are the small, beautiful honeybirds that dart from flower to flower and take the place of the humming birds of the east. As one approaches the scorpion seems to shrink into the stone until it becomes almost imperceptible. Suddenly the great insect will raise its claws and dart at its beautiful victim, which in a moment is destroyed.

**Truly Considerate.**

A considerate patient had an artery opened by mistake for a vein by a French surgeon in the operation of bloodletting. The woman succumbed not long after to the effect of the blunder, but in her will left the surgeon a small yearly pension, "not only to comfort him, but so that he could live the rest of his life without doing vivisection any more." A similar historic occurrence is related in the Medical Times of a Polish princess who had had the same experience. She added a clause to her will expressing her forgiveness and leaving the surgeon a small pension to indemnify him for the "loss of reputation that may follow my sad catastrophe."

The good will of another can just as readily be roused or restored by asking a service from as by doing a kindness for him.

## PEPPYS AND EVELYN.

Difference in Methods of These Two Famous Diarists.

Peppys' narrative is always dramatic—himself being the center of the play—while Evelyn is historical, pathetic or didactic, as the mood seizes him. Peppys gives us the comedy of his time, as Plautus and Terence gave us the comedy of theirs. Evelyn, on the other hand, has something of Ibsen in his composition and not a little of Cicero. Compare, for instance, their treatment of the great fire, and you may measure the distance between them. Thus it is that Peppys' account begins: "Some of our maids, sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about 3 in the morning to tell us of a great fire they saw in the city. So I rose and slipped on my nightgown and went to her window." And now turn to Evelyn and see the temper in which he views the destruction of the city. "The clouds of smoke were dismal and reached upon computation near fifty miles in length," he writes the day after the fire. "Thus I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage, 'Non enim hic habemus stultitiam civitatem,' the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but it is no more!"

Peppys sets the scene before you like a man; Evelyn reflects upon the tragedy like a writer, ingenious in reference and quick with allusion. We need not discuss which is the better method, but it may surely be said that the world will produce another hundred Evelyns before it fashions a fitting rival for Peppys.—London Spectator.

## ANCIENT BELLS.

Well Known to the Egyptians Before the Jewish Exodus.

Bells were well known to the Egyptians before the time of the Jewish exodus. In the description of Aaron's sacerdotal robe mention is made of the fact that upon the hem of the garment there were bells of gold alternating with pomegranates of blue, of purple and of scarlet: "A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate upon the hem of the robe round about. And it shall be upon Aaron to minister, and his sound shall be heard when he goeth into the holy place before the Lord and when he cometh out; that he die not."

Hand bells were in common use all over the ancient world. The earliest use of bells in churches was for the purpose of frightening away the evil spirits which were believed to infest earth and air, and the earliest curfew was rung at nightfall to rid the neighborhood of the village or town and church of demons. Most old churches of Europe have a small door on the north side, and at certain points in the service this door was opened and a bell was rung to give notice to the devil, if he chanced to be present, that he might make his exit before the elevation. By the command of Pope John IX, church bells were rung as a protection against thunder and lightning.

The monument of Porsena, the Etrurian king, was decorated with pinnacles, each surmounted with a bell, which tinkled in the breeze. The army of Clothaire raised the siege of Sens on account of a panic occasioned among the men by a sudden chime from the bells of St. Stephen's church.

**No Time For Surgery.**

The average woman thinks the sun and stars would cease to shine sooner than that she could interfere with the regular routine of household duties. A Sabatini woman was recently informed by her physician that she would have to have an operation performed. She said she didn't see how she could; that Monday was washing day, Tuesday ironing day, Wednesday the missionary society met, Thursday was the day to clean up, Friday to bake, Saturday to give the children their baths and mend. If he could get it in Sunday after dinner and before evening services perhaps she would try it.—Kansas City Journal.

**The Sardinas.**

Sardinas was a wild place in the middle of the last century. A traveler says: "The men are clothed in goat-skins, one before and another behind, without breeches, shoes or stockings, and a woolen or skin cap on the head. The women have no other habiliments than a long woolen gown and a woolen cap. The peasants always go armed to defend themselves from one another, so that traveling in the interior is extremely unsafe without an escort, and it is even dangerous for ships to send their people on shore for water unless they are well armed. In short, the Sardinas are the Malays of the Mediterranean."

**Nature's Methods.**

When one is sick there is usually something in the stomach that nature wants to throw up. When one has diarrhea nature is striving to remove offending material from the system. When one perspires profusely nature is getting rid of blood poisons through the skin. One should never attempt to check any such effort without being sure that its arrest will be beneficial.

**Boston's Name.**

Boston owes its name to a Roman Catholic saint. Early in the seventh century a Catholic monk named Botolph founded a church in what is now Lincolnshire, England.

As the years went by a town grew up around the church and was called Botolphstow. This was shortened for convenience into Botolphston, then to Botoston and finally to Boston. John Cotton came to America from that town and named the New England capital after his native village.

He is the true optimist who makes much of the good and beautiful in persons and things about him and who is governed by his admirations rather than his dislikes and prejudices.

If the Greek or Roman deities ever partook of ambrosia that surpassed in luscious quality the dish of deep red strawberries and Jersey cream the birds reward makes no mention of it.

## FINEST BANK NOTE PAPER.

Where the Material For Our Greenbacks is Made.

The national flag flies over the "government mill," owned by the Crane family at Dalton, Mass., because all the paper for the United States greenbacks is made there. It is one of a group of mills in which the Cranes have made paper for more than a century. The founder was Zenas Crane. Before he could get the first mill started he had to have a large quantity of rags. But rags were scarce in those days than now. The Italian had not then arrived, the junk shop was unknown, and although the rag buyer passed through the streets of Boston once a week, he had not yet appeared in the western part of the state. This resulted in an appeal to the people, based on high economic and patriotic grounds. Handbills appeared with the headlines in large type: "Americans, encourage your own manufactures, and they will improve! Ladies, save your rags!"

They were carried to all the homes and shops in Berkshire and adjoining counties, urging "every woman who has the good of her country and the interests of her family at heart" to save her rags and send them to the new factory or to the nearest storekeeper, "and a generous price will be paid." When the mill was ready the rags were there in abundance, and operations at once commenced. The working force consisted of four men, two girls and a small boy, with Zenas Crane as superintendent and chief proprietor. The paper was made in hand molds, and the output was 100 pounds a day. Today the output is many tons of the finest bank note paper.—World's Work.

## THE WIND BELL.

How It is Constructed In Japan, Its Original Home.

The wind bell, as its name implies, is made to ring by the action of the wind—in fact, the wind bell is not a bell at all, strictly speaking, but a contrivance composed of a number of pendants suspended in a circle from a ring and hung close together so that they will come into contact and produce sounds when swayed by the winds.

Some wind bells produce sounds that are pleasing and musical. Some are made with glass pendants, some with pendants of metal; some are very small and simple in construction, others are large and massive and elaborate.

The original home of the wind bell is Japan. In its simplest form it is composed of a number of narrow strips of glass, perhaps six inches in length, suspended lengthwise from a wire ring about two inches in diameter. Within the circle formed by the strips thus suspended is hung by one corner a little square piece of glass halfway down the length of the long strips, the strips and the square piece ornamented with various Japanese characters and designs. This wind bell may be hung up wherever a breeze will strike it and blow the strips into contact with one another and with the square suspended among them.—Detroit News-Tribune.

**Artificial Birds.**

In very early times men began to experiment with a view to making artificial birds and animals that would imitate the motions of living creatures, and if we are to believe the records, some of the artists in that line were remarkably successful.

Ardytas of Tarentum, who lived in the year 400 B. C., constructed an artificial pigeon that could fly, but which was not able to resume its flight after once alighting.

John Muller, a German of great mechanical skill, constructed an artificial eagle, which on the entry of Emperor Maximilian into Nuremberg flew out to meet him, and, returning, alighted on the city gate to await his approach.

**A Parson's Swearing.**

"Parson." Blodgett, a former local preacher residing in Linden, had in front of his house a watering trough freely patronized by people riding by. One evening a man hurriedly drove up to water his horse, and the wheel of his wagon struck the trough violently. The "parson" came out hurriedly and cried: "Hog rabited to zemp seed tobacco! Can't you drive straight?"

"Go in and shut the door," replied the driver, "and next time you want to swear, parson, do it like other men."—Boston Herald.

**A Funny Siamese Custom.**

They have a very funny fashion in Siam. When an inferior comes to the presence of a superior he throws himself upon the ground. Then the superior sends one of his attendants forward to see whether the prostrate man has been eating anything or has any offensive odor about him. If he be blameless in this respect the attendant raises him from the ground, but if he be guilty the attendant straightway kicks him out.

**Liquor In Candies.**

"Practically every known liquor, as well as whiskey and brandy, is made up into candy in one form or another," says a Chicago confectioner. "You can get in bonbons of various kinds cream de menthe, cognac, kum-bel, Chartreuse, cherry brandy or benedictine."

**For Over Sixty Years.**

Mrs. WISLOW'S SOUTHERN SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth send for a bottle of "Mrs. WISLOW'S SOUTHERN SYRUP" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no kinder remedy for cutting teeth than "Mrs. WISLOW'S SOUTHERN SYRUP." It cures Colic, soothes the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. WISLOW'S SOUTHERN SYRUP" is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Prepare and sold for "Mrs. WISLOW'S SOUTHERN SYRUP."

**CASORIA.**

The Kind You Run Always Buy

Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

## John Floyd's Fishing Trip.

Floyd often stopped a week at Haretown. It was a test from town, where there is no rest, and it was a bit difficult to get to, which was one of its charms, and the fishing was good.

But the Crusaders' Arms was the strong point—an undeveloped inn with a rustic garden and veranda, to say nothing of excellent cooking and a quiet, far-away touch about it which was balmy like and soothing after the fever and hurry of the city.

But when Floyd arrived, unannounced, in June, the land lord held up his hands in dismay.

"No room?" exclaimed Floyd. "Very sorry, sir," said the landlord. "If you had only written! But they might put you up at the Sheaves, kept by a lady—Miss Charteris."

"Ah, I will try there," and John Floyd drove away down the village and into the country again, for the flyman to pull up at a pretty rose and climatic covered cottage.

"The Sheaves is not an inn, sir," said the flyman, as he got down; "but I believe it will suit you."

And when, a few minutes later, the visitor found himself inside the house, he realized that the driver spoke the truth.

Miss Charteris interested him extremely, but why she took boarders puzzled him.

"You must be rather lonely here," he said.

"No," she answered, "there is plenty to interest me."

He nodded shortly.

"No doubt. But is there anything archeological? We Americans are that way, you know."

"There is the abbey," she said.

"May you go there?"

The girl hesitated.

"I mean with permission, of course. It is not inhabited?"

"No—, it is not inhabited," she said, slowly.

"You take a great interest in it?" he said.

"Yes, and I fear the Goths and Vandals."

"The Goths and Vandals?"

"You see, the abbey is all I have," she said wistfully. "It used to belong to my family, all this part, and it is the only bit left."

"And it's a ruin," he put in thoughtfully, and at that moment as he looked at her he unconsciously felt glad that he liked fishing, and that the prospectively led his steps to that out-of-the-way corner of the world.

"Yes," she murmured, "it is a ruin, but a very beautiful ruin. If you like I could show you it; they would let me."

The young man wondered who the mythical "they" might be, as he accompanied her into the silent pathways of the ancient stronghold, monastic in its solemnity now.

"The staircase is very old and worn," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "the Crusaders did chip the steps a good deal in tramping up and down."

He looked up at her, but said not a word.

He could not sleep that night. He rose at last and dressed; and then, just as he opened the door, he saw in the dusky corridor a figure—a phantom of the night. There was a movement below and he descended to follow her into the silent country lane; out into the woodland clearing, thence into the forest, finally into the courtyard of the old chateau, which just then looked more dreamlike still.

He lost sight of her in that maze of moss covered, ivy wreathed archways, where the moonlight fell in silver patches, and he stopped to think before pursuing his way, actuated now principally by insight and admiration for what he saw, and realizing that he stood very little chance of finding his involuntary guide, familiar as she seemed to be with the intricacies of the place. He mounted stairway after stairway, at length coming to a wing of the castle where ruin was not so plainly marked.

Here music came faintly to the ear, and he stopped to listen before pursuing his way, hesitating finally on the threshold of a large chamber whose walls were still partially draped with torn tapestry; and at the far end he saw the girl who was his hostess at The Sheaves sitting before an old-time musical instrument playing a forgotten air.

There was something hard in his left boot on the following morning, and he took it off and shook it, finding inside what was evidently the head of a butterfly—a little jewel with a tiny coat of arms. "Strange!" he muttered; and after breakfast, when he saw her at the entrance to the garden, he spoke to her about it.

"Is this yours?"

She took the jewel examined it attentively and then blushed to the roots of her hair.

"Yes," she said, "yes; it's mine. Annette, the maid, must have dropped it."

Floyd eyed her suspiciously.

"Yes," he said; "Annette or another."

She turned quickly away.

"See here, Miss Charteris," he said on the following night, "I want to buy that place."

"What place?" she asked quickly.

"Why Haretown Abbey."

"But it is not for sale."

"Oh, any place is for sale if enough is offered."

"But—" she began.

"Don't worry about it," he interrupted her; "I have written to the lawyers. By the way, you don't know who owns it?"

"I—seem to have heard," she said, "once; but," she went on, as if trying to remember, "I am afraid I can't tell you the name. But why do you want to buy it?"

"Make it useful," he said shortly.

"But how?"

"Pull it down."

"Oh!"

"Turn it into a sugar refinery."

"You dare not!" she cried indignantly.

"I dare," he retorted.

"It is abominable!"

"Well, it is no use at present."

"No, but," she went on, as if trying to shut the door with a bang.

"Spirit!" muttered Floyd, as he looked at the door as though his eyes were Roentgen rays; and he lit a cigar.

"I like spirit."

He did not wait for the post on the following morning, but crept down early into the silent, sunbeam-haunted house, where the air seemed to lie in luminous strata.

"Ought to be somewhere here," he said quietly, and he walked noiselessly into the kitchen, where the cat roared, yawned, and looked at him, then at the boots he held in his hand.

"Ah, here we are!" he exclaimed at last, as he descended a step into a little brick-floored room. The bump made

in the white-washed ceiling is there to this day. "Brush—blacking. Clean my own boots? Of course! Well—brush, rub, brush—"I wouldn't at the Carlton; but I don't like to have jeweled knobs in my boots. Confound it! It hurts. Hullo, puss! be went on, as he saw the cat sitting on the threshold gazing at him.

Bang went down one boot, and he picked up the other.

"Mr. Floyd?"

"Madam?" And he bowed to her profoundly, boot in hand.

"What are you doing?"

"Dirty work makes clean boots."

"But I won't have it."

"Oh, yes, you will, Miss Charteris, till Annette—"

"There isn't any Annette," she said excitedly, and she took a step forward.

